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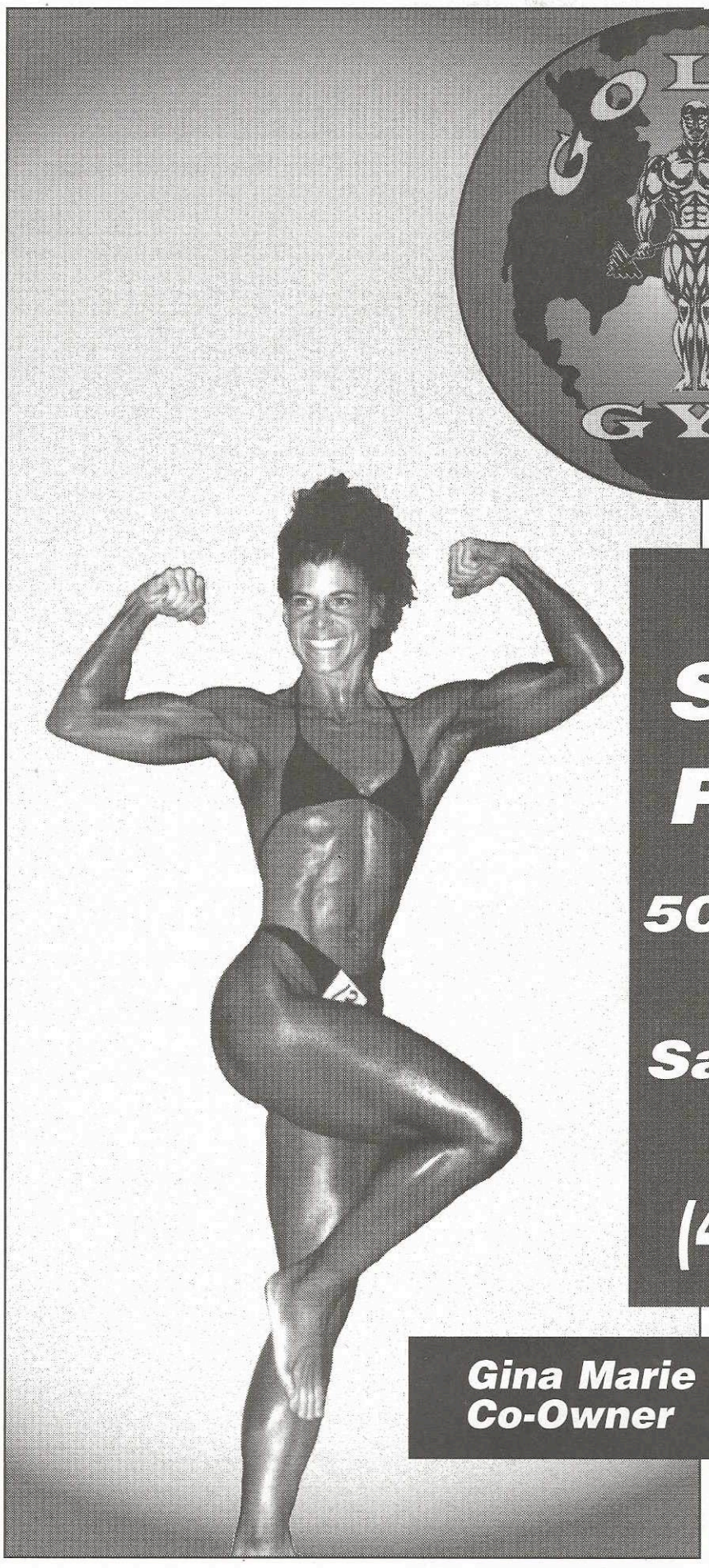

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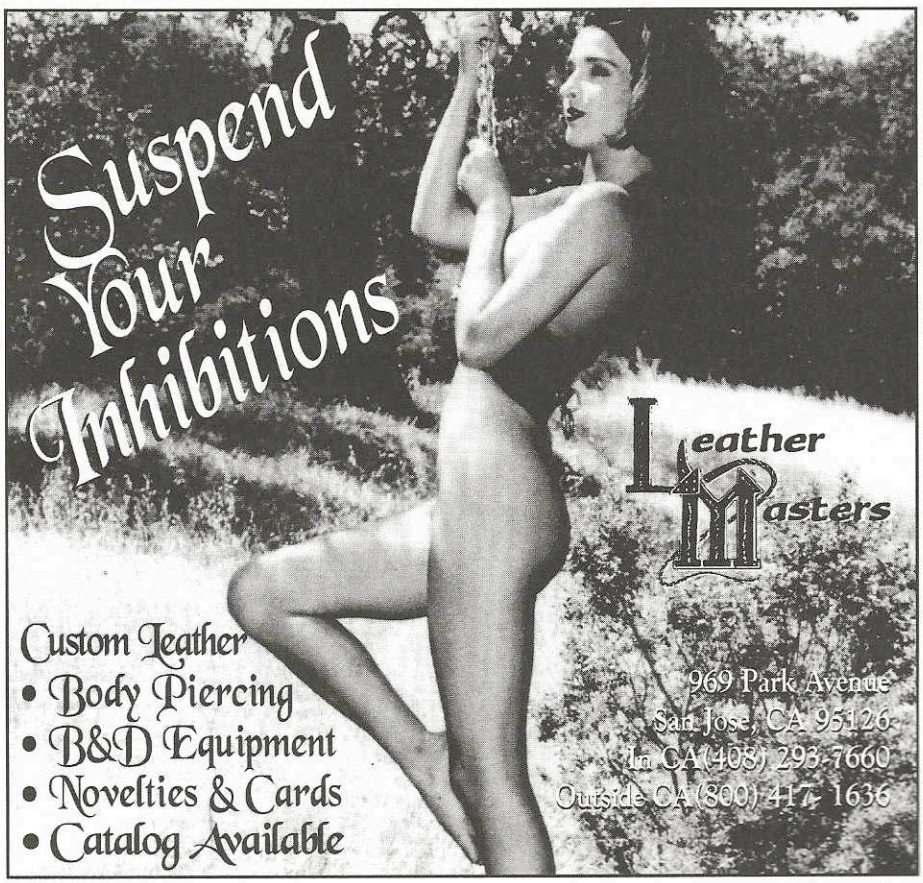

ON OUR BACKS

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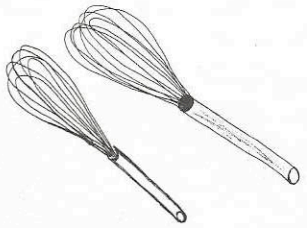

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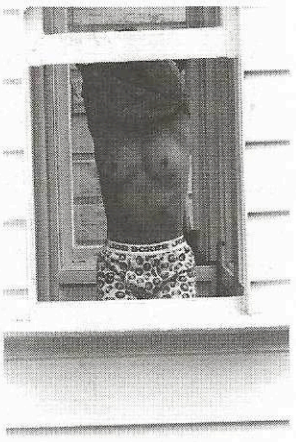

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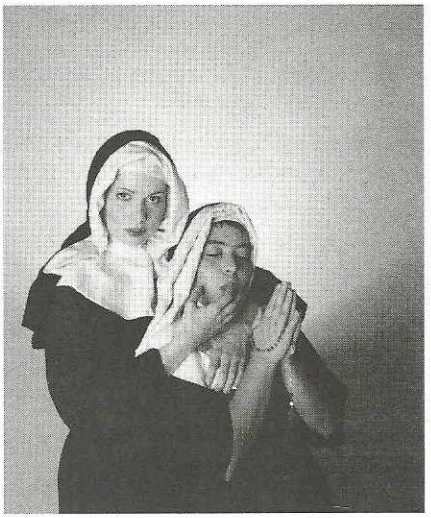

Sister Mother-Theresa (right) and Sister Saphistry have NUNSEX in an uncuntventional pictorial by Chloe Atkins, p. 31
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Nun Drag courtesy of Capezio SF

Errata: September/October '94 Cover Design by Carol Jokinen

I Look Like That?

Kimberly Miller

Bayla Travis, editor.

Three years ago a photographer friend was putting together a slide show for the Clit Club in New York. Since I liked her work, and trusted her, I decided I wanted to be photographed in the nude. But I did not want my face shown. It's not that I was ashamed of being seen naked. I was just nervous about it. The idea of doing the photoshoot and seeing the images in public was very appealing. The idea of my face in the photos was something else altogether. It was going too far. It was jumping off a cliff and not knowing how far the drop would be. The photographer respected my conditions.

As the images were projected onto a screen that took up a whole wall of the club, I stood next to the photographer. And I didn't recognize myself. Of course, I remembered what positions I'd posed in and what clothes I'd worn, but that didn't help. I still didn't know it was me. I thought I had a pretty accepting attitude about my body (on a particularly good date, verging on "self-loving,"). But there I stood, thinking, "That's me? But that woman looks kinda sexy. I wouldn't mind having that body. I do have that body? Really?"

I was surprised how feminine my body looked. I don't feel like a girly-girl. I mostly feel butch, although I hardly have the classic butch bod. Even at my butchest, when I'm packing, when my attitude is tough, I know parts of my body remain soft, voluptuous. Not that I wouldn't mind a lean jock build, but I'm basically content with the malleable raw material I have. And even though the raw material can pretty easily be molded into what might be called the bombshell next door, that's not me. It's me doing high femme drag.

One of the nicest things about having sex with women is the intoxicating experience of living vicariously through all kinds of bodies you might like to have. When I first started having sex with women I was fascinated with small breasts, especially when attached to a tight, athletic build, because I wanted small breasts. Wearing a bra since the fourth grade, the undesired male gaze, made my full breasts unwelcome feminine accessories. (How would I have felt about my breasts if little girls had looked more openly, appreciatively?) Now, I adore soft, lush women with breasts that overflow my hands, and hips that I can ride for days without a bruise. I also somehow (actually it was with my Mom's full support) became a lingerie queen somewhere along the way and that doesn't exactly go with butch. But it doesn't exactly cancel it out, does it?

And, these days, I feel fine about having my face and naked body in the same picture. But I still am often surprised at how I look. If I'm feeling butch, I tend to notice and appreciate my shoulders and thighs, while ignoring my breasts. And if I'm feeling femme, I think, "Oh look, it's a dyke in a woman's body." Could it be that us queer girls weren't raised to appreciate ourselves in all our glorious and delicious complexity? Mmmm.

In this issue, we celebrate people who are especially bold in their exploration of their bodies, their sexual and gender orientations. We hope to bring you images you haven't seen before; introduce you to voices that are new and provocative. In putting this issue together, what has struck me most is the chorus of unapologetic voices saying: "This is what turns me on, this is what makes me happy." Sex positive as I am, there's not a day goes by that it isn't helpful for me to hear such sentiments expressed outloud.

Hopefully these folks will inspire you to have fun exploring your own take on your body. So enroll in a photography class, experiment with make-up, sexy outfits and lighting. Hand the Polaroid camera to a friend you trust. Go on, jump off a cliff. You might be suprised how high you can get. And please do send us copies if you're so inspired.

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

D.C. Browne

Melissa Murphy, publisher.

Well, it's true. After 10 years, *On Our Backs* is under new ownership. Realizing that it was time to focus on new creative projects, Debi Sundahl, founding owner and publisher, offered to sell me Blush Entertainment, the parent company of *On Our Backs*. Since I had been marketing director and publicist at *On Our Backs* for the last three and a half years, am currently president of The Erotic Video Education Fund (E.V.E.), and am completely in love with the magazine business, I could not pass up the offer.

One of my first decisions as new owner and publisher was to hire Bayla Travis as editor. Bayla is the smart, talented, perverted writer of the hit play, "The Dyke and the Porn Star." And to my good fortune, some of the former staff members of *On Our Backs* have returned.

Given these changes, you may wonder, what is the future of lesbian sex magazines? Of *On Our Backs ?*

Building on the strong foundation established during the past decade, I see a few places where we must focus our energies as we remain committed to giving you unabashed, high quality SEX!

We must now: 1) Create a more sophisticated discussion and presentation of our sexualities, our genders, our sex acts; 2) Acknowledge our sex as simultaneously public and also intensely intimate and connected to our bodies' own histories and spiritualities; 3) Laugh at ourselves and with each other; perhaps even give more recognition to a "lesbian camp" sensibility. There is much titilation and erotic power in humor; 4) Acknowledge sex acts that turn us on and make them ours, create new additions to the lesbian sexual repretoire. (I feel quite the lesbian pervert when I get off watching boys fuck!); and most importantly, 5) Continue to challenge each other, talk, produce our own porn and **never stop asking, what is it that turns me on?**

Thanks to the amazing ensemble of contributing talent including writers such as: Dorothy Allison, Judith Halberstam, Jewelle Gomez, Barbara Smith, Robbi Sommers, Joan Nestle, Joanne Loulan, Wickie Stamps; photographers such as: Phyllis Chistopher, Della Grace, Chloe Atkins, Zannah Noe, Jill Poesner, Laurence; and past staff including Debi Sundahl, Susie Bright, Nan Kinney, Marcy Sheiner, Lisa Palac, Shar Rednour, Robin Simmons, Lulu Belliveau, Greta Christina, (and I have left our many talented artists due to space, my apologies), *On Our Backs* has played a key role in establishing a forum where lesbians can now express their sexuality more publically than ever before.

It's no longer enough to say butch or femme.

But it is clear to me that we need to move beyond labels such as butch, femme, top, bottom, to make our language more acurate. For example, I was recently sitting around a camp fire with a dozen women. Someone challenged each of us to identify as either butch or femme and most of us resisted. How could I answer accurately when what I feel is more 'gentleman' or sometimes 'boy;' or more like my father, (my nuturing and femme role model), than 'butch'?

Continued on page 41

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LOOK BEFORE YOU LICK

(and other current safety hints)

In July, 1994 the University of Turin, Italy released a study of 18 lesbian couples that showed no evidence of woman-to-woman HIV transmission. This study provided a spark for intercontinental debate on

"do lesbians always need to use latex gloves and dental dams for safer sex?" With one more study demonstrating the low probability of HIV transmission during woman-to-woman sex, many health conscious lesbians are now focusing on other STD's (sexually transmitted diseases) more likely to be shared by dykes. The concept of lesbian safer sex is expanding beyond latex, to include such popular tools as fingernail files, mirrors, soap and water.

The Turin, Italy scientists studied 18 monogamous lesbian couples who had been together for at least three months. In each couple, one woman was HIV positive and her partner was HIV negative at the beginning of the study. A daily recording of sexual activities revealed frequent oral sex, anal sex, sharing of sex toys, and sex during menstruation. No latex barriers were used. At the end of the six month study, all HIV negative women were still negative. (After a six-month "window period," the overwhelming majority of people who have contracted HIV will have developed antibodies, and will test HIV positive.) One of the criticisms of this study is that, if a woman was infected late in the study, she may not have seroconverted within the time frame of the study.

This study was significant because it was the first to actually follow lesbian couples where one woman was HIV positive. The study was small and short, however, so it did not prove that woman-to-woman HIV transmission is impossible.

Six different U. S. studies, including nearly a million women total, published between 1990 and 1994, found no evidence of woman-to-woman HIV transmission. The samples included blood donors, STD clinic clients, and women's health center clients. (For research purposes, the three Center for Disease Control studies defined "lesbians" as women who had sex only with women since 1978, and "bisexuals" as women who reported sex with both men and women. While this is not an accurate definition for everyday use, the distinction is important for research purposes. AIDS first appeared in the U. S. in 1978.) The CDC studies stressed the importance of educating lesbian and bisexual women about the risks of HIV transmission from sharing injection drug needles and from unprotected sex with men.

Soon after the Italian study was released, an article criticizing the latex "safer sex" barrier industry as an unnecessary, sex-phobic, discriminatory capitalist plot to take women's money appeared in DIVA, a London lesbian magazine. Some San Francisco Lesbian Avengers reacted to the study by dressing in Saran Wrap and protesting the lack of U. S. research about lesbians, bisexual women, and AIDS at a Center for Disease Control office.

Yes, U. S. research is trailing Italian research in this area, but scientists do know many things about HIV relevant to lesbians.

In order for HIV to be transmitted, live virus from an infected person needs to get inside the body of a partner. This happens most commonly through sharing of needles for injection drug use, or by anal or vaginal intercourse with a penis.

A woman with a cold sore on her lip could even give herself genital herpes, by touching her cold sore and then her labia.

During intercourse, tiny tears usually occur in the lining of the vagina, or the more fragile rectum. A volume of semen is deposited inside this body cavity during ejaculation. If HIV is in the semen, it can easily get into the bloodstream through these tears.

That's why intercourse with a penis without a condom is so dangerous. (Condoms break not more than 2% of the time during intercourse, according to the Sept. 1994 issue of *Consumer Reports*. This risk can be decreased by using condoms with Nonoxynol-9, a spermicide that kills HIV and most STD's. Higher "condom failure rates," sometimes reported at 10%, are usually due to improper or inconsistent condom use.)

It has long been known that blood, semen, breast milk, and vaginal fluid from an HIV infected person all can contain enough virus to spread

MARCIA MUNSON

WHERE TO GET SAFER SEX SUPPLIES

Fingernail files, mirrors, soap and water, you probably already have at home.

Latex gloves, condoms, water-based lube, like Probe, lube with Nonoxynol-9, like ForPlay, and spermacides with N-9, like Koromex, Conceptrol, and PrePair can all be purchased at many drug stores.

Ask your gynecologist or dentist for latex gloves—they only cost about 7 cents each, wholesale.

Go to your county Public Health Deparment for a free or low-cost "Family Planning Clinic" or "STD clinic." It's probably the cheapest way in town to get condoms, latex gloves and spermide with N-9. You can get your annual Pap smear and breast exam while you're there. (Be prepared to answer the question "What kind of birth control are you using now?" You can have fun with the answer!)

For the latest oral sex barrier products, colored gloves and condoms, a variety of lubes, plus lots of fun sex toys, call for a catalogue or visit: Good Vibrations, 1210 Valencia St., SF, CA 94110, 1-800-BUY VIBE.

the disease. A 1994 study showed that HIV can travel through intact mucous membranes, such as in the vagina or rectum. So using a dildo on an HIV positive woman, then putting it inside another woman's vagina or ass (without first washing it with soap and water or putting a clean condom on it) could theoretically transfer enough blood or vaginal fluid to transmit HIV.

Research done in 1986 showed that HIV does not travel through intact skin, or even through minute scratches. So touching a woman's vaginal fluid would not be dangerous unless the fingers had cuts, scrapes, or burns. Of course, if a woman is unsure of the health of her skin, or has long or dirty fingernails, latex gloves and water-based lube make sex safer and smoother for both partners.

It is advisable to test for breaks in the skin large enough to admit viruses by dipping the hands in a solution of one part vinegar or lemon juice to four parts water. A stinging or burning sensation indicates cuts or tears in the skin.

Penetration with the fingers or the whole hand (fisting) can cause small tears in to the vagina or rectum. It is especially important not to introduce another person's blood, semen, or vaginal fluid after a fisting session. Wearing a latex glove and using plenty of water-based lube reduces the risk of possible injury. (Oil-based lube with a plastic glove may be preferred for anal penetration.)

Nonoxynol-9, found in spermicides and many personal lubricants, kills HIV, hepatitis, herpes, syphilis, gonorrhea, and chlamydia. Spreading lube or spermicide with N-9 on the hands or gloves can add another layer of safety to lesbian sex

Harvard University research has shown that human saliva contains Immunoglobulin A, which neutralizes HIV. So unless there are sores, bleeding, or fresh piercings on the lips or in the mouth, oral transmission of HIV is unlikely. Cunnilingus can, however, transmit a variety of other STD's. For this reason, some safer sex educators do encourage a barrier when practicing oral sex.

Herpes is highly contagious, and can be passed between the mouth and genitals. The majority of people in the U. S. have had a case of oral herpes sometime in their lives. A woman with a cold sore on her lip could even give herself genital herpes, by touching her cold sore and then her labia. Using a barrier during oral sex can prevent herpes transmission.

Chlamydia, gonorrhea, and syphilis are all curable with modern medicine, but they often do not produce symptoms in women, and can be spread through oral sex. It's better to rely on prevention than to count on getting cured before damage to the body occurs. Any unusual sore or itching on the genitals or discharge from the vagina can be a sign of an STD. An impor-

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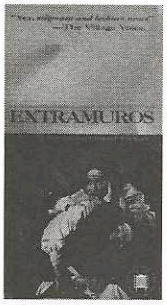

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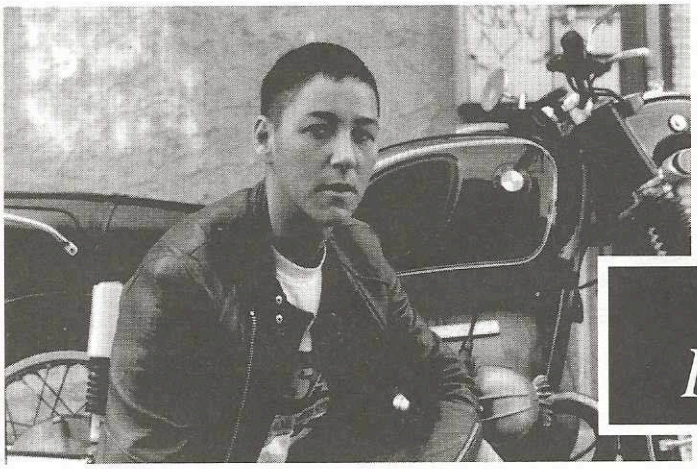


Frankenstein & Interview With the Vampire

The recent spectacle of John Wayne Bobbit flashing his sutured penis around in a bad pornographic movie is just the latest example of a national obsession with flawed or imperfect flesh. Bobbit's porn video promises to be one of the most popular ever made. No surprise then, that both *Frankenstein* and *Interview With The Vampire* opened recently to packed houses. Both movies promise viewers the spectacle of sexual savagery and of sutured body parts; both films also promise to revel in the queerness of bodies by exposing the inadequacy and tedium of normal heterosexuality. In both films, marital heterosexuality is eschewed for something more dangerous and queer. However, both films fail to deliver the goods. Watching Kenneth Branagh's *Frankenstein* you quickly get the feeling that something is missing. The film is beautiful and quite fast paced considering how many cries to heaven and hell both Victor Frankenstein and the monster indulge themselves in before the end of the film. The best part of *Frankenstein*, however, is the well-crafted monstrosity of the nameless monster.

While we do not see the sutured "Bobbit" penis on Robert DeNiro, we see that every other piece of his flesh is roughly sewn together and we must assume therefore that the penis is similarly makeshift. The monster, of course, is the beloved creation of Victor Frankenstein who seeks to discover the secret of life and birth. However, Victor Frankenstein spends all of his energy on construction and very little on needlepoint or the darts and tucks needed to beautify the surface of his creation. The stitches are loosely and just barely holding the whole package together. The monster's repulsive appearance makes him a social outcast.

This film version of Frankenstein tries to bring the sexuality of monster-making to the surface and for this reason, Branagh changes one very important scene in his translation of book to movie. In the novel, when the monster asks for a female mate, Victor complies and begins the construction of a female monster. However, half way through the whole process, he breaks down and decides he cannot continue with the project and he tears the "half finished creature" apart. In the film, Victor builds a bride for his monster by taking the newly murdered corpse of his own bride and fashioning it into a female mate for the monster. Once animated, the female monster dances a slow and gruesome waltz with her mate and this scene becomes the primary focus of horror in the film.

The spectacle of two patchwork figures with bleeding and oozing wounds rubbing their flesh together is designed to turn the stomach.

The spectacle of two patchwork figures with bleeding and oozing wounds rubbing their flesh together is designed to turn the stomach. This scene suggests that any scene of romantic display that does not feature two beautiful people of opposite sexes will elicit nausea—a common response by homophobes to the spectacle of queer love. It is worth pondering for a moment why the sight of Bobbit's reattached penis is considered pornographic, while the sight of two sutured creatures is received as horrific or gothic.

A little porn could have gone a long way in the lifeless and listless *Interview With The Vampire* by Neil Jordan. Jordan's last film, of course, *The Crying Game* capitalized on the shock of revealing a penis on a body otherwise coded as female. No such interesting gender puzzles occur in *Interview.* This film is unrelentingly dull in it's depiction of vampires as effete and bitchy rather than dangerously erotic. The original novel by Ann Rice clearly depicted vampirism as an extension of same sex eroticism but the movie managed to convert patently homoerotic scenes into domesticated heterosexuality.

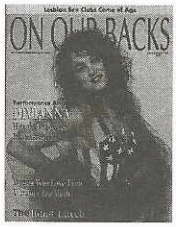
It is obvious to a queer audience that this film version of *Interview* glosses over clearly erotic moments between Louis and Lestat. While some face rubbing scenes did create some panic in the theater when I saw the film, in general there was very little to trigger homophobic alarm. Perhaps for this reason, the film committed the worst error a horror film could ever make: it was boring and sexually uninspired. Without the implied eroticism of exchanging fluids and sucking flesh, the world of vampires just becomes a lifeless and sexless beautiful facade.

Ultimately, *Frankenstein* and *Interview* fail to keep monstrosity queer. Just as the John Wayne Bobbit porn flick achieves its greatest success at the moment it reveals the tool itself re animated, so these horror films rely completely on showing scars and transformations. However, when radical sexual or erotic narratives are necessary to maintain our interest in the screen flesh, the gothic films fall as short as Bobbit's weenie. What Bobbit does with his reattached dick is far less interesting than simply seeing it, because he does the same thing that non-queer sex always does. Likewise, what the monsters do with their odd and eccentric bodies in these two films is something far less than queer. Hollywood always tames the monster.

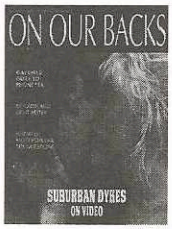
JUDITH HALBERSTAM

ON OUR BACKS
HAS WARMED MANY WINTER NIGHTS

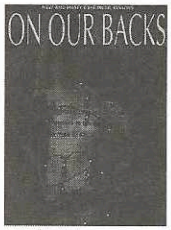
THIS WINTER SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S PACK INCLUDES OUR JANUARY/FEBRUARY ISSUES SINCE 1990



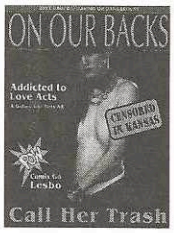
Snuggle up and get cozy with Lydia Lunch, famous dyke porn stars Divianna, Nina Hartley, Sharon Mitchell, Pepper, and Trash.



Classic Photo Spreads by Annie Sprinkle, Cathy Opie, Honey Lee Cottrell, and Tracy Mostovoy.



Everything you need to know about Susie Bright's night with k.d. lang, Fem2fem, dyke daddies, thigh harnesses, phone sex, club sex, safe sex, and one hot babysitter.



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ON OUR BACKS keeps you up-to-date with the latest sex-related news and gossip, and informed about the wave of censorship threatening free expression in the U.S. and worldwide. As different as On Our Backs may be from mainstream pornography, we are allies in the struggle against censorship and the anti-pornography movement. So you can keep reading this magazine and other "subversive" materials, take a stand. Be informed. Fight sexual ignorance and censorship.

SeXpO '95: (Not a Rough) Trade Show

"Focusing on the brave new world of positive sexual expression and exploration, **SeXpO '95** will present outstanding products and services currently available to enhance an individual and couples awareness and enjoyment of their sexual identities." If you happen to be in San Francisco April 1st and 2nd, be sure and stop by the newest concept in commercial sex. What I want to know is, will there be a kissing booth next to the "Phallic Food & Beverages" stand? Call 415-383-3470 for details.

Mental Health Manual Insults Leatherfolks

Diagnostic criteria for 302.83 **Sexual Masochism**

A. Over a period of at least 6 months, recurrent, intense sexually arousing fantasies, sexual urges, or behaviors involving the act (real, not simulated) of being humiliated, beaten, bound, or otherwise made to suffer.

B. The fantasies, sexual urges, or behaviors cause clinically significant distress or impairment in social, occupational, or other important areas of functioning.

Diagnostic criteria for 302.84 **Sexual Sadism**

A. Over a period of at least 6 months, recurrent, intense sexually arousing fantasies, sexual urges, or behaviors involving the act (real, not simulated) in which the psychological or physical suffering (including humiliation) of the victim is sexually exciting to the person.

B. The fantasies, sexual urges, or behaviors cause clinically significant distress or impairment in social, occupational, or other important areas of functioning.

The latest *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* has just been released by the **American Psychiatric Association** and it presents SM as a mental illness. Although it is true that one must meet both criteria A and B in order to receive the "diagnosis," worrying about winding up in the loony bin for acting on one's desires could certainly cause distress. It was only after considerable pressure by healthy, happy queers that the APA removed homosexuality as a disorder. Maybe the APA needs to hear from healthy, happy leatherfolks. American Psychiatric Association, 1400 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Pasolini's Salo' Prosecuted

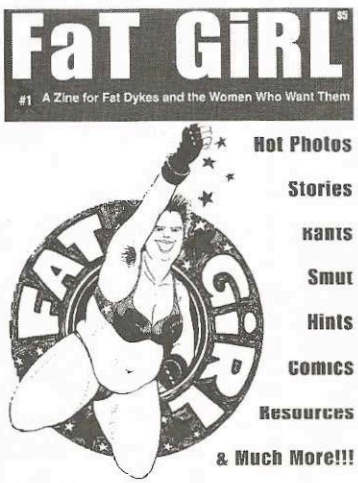
The City of Cincinnati is at it again. (Remember the prosecution four years ago of a local museum and its director for exhibiting the photography by **Robert Mapplethorpe?)** This time, as in the Mapplethorpe prosecution, homophobia seems to be involved, as the city has charged the gay **Pink Pyramid Bookstore,** and its owner, manager, and clerk with "pandering obscenity" for renting a video of **Pier Pasolini's 1975 film *Salo': 120 Days of Sodom.*** *Salo'* takes place in northern Italy toward the end of World War II. Some of the worst atrocities of fascism took place at this time, and Pasolini's film, a political allagory, portrays extreme sadism in a coldly formalistic style. *Salo'* has been studied in film courses and shown at film festivals all over the world. The Arts Censorship Project and the National Coalition Against Censorship organized a group of 53 museums, film festivals, directors and scholars to join in supporting the defendants' motion to dismiss the obscenity prosecution. It was argued that because Pasolini was one of the towering figures in European cinema and because *Salo'* plainly has serious political and artistic value, it cannot possibly be obscene. On October 3, however, the judge denied the motion to dismiss; the case is set for trial on January 9. [Reprinted from the ACLU Arts Censorship Project Newsletter Vol. 4, No. 1, Fall/Winter 1994.]

Not Illegal, Just in Bad Taste

An ad from **Stormy Leather,** a local fetish accessories shop, running in the San Francisco legal newspaper, ***The Recorder,*** resulted in a barrage of letters to the editor about the appropriateness of such an ad in a "well respected" publication. Some concluded that the ad promoted sexism and racism, others just couldn't fathom a little kink amongst the legalese. As a result of letters from women in the legal profession complaining of misogyny, Stormy decided to validate their concerns by no longer using photographs of women to advertise in ***The Recorder.***

A *Brides'* Magazine Just for Us?

If you've been searching for just the right commitment ceremony certificate, same sex friendly vows, rainbow-stoned wedding bands or same sex wedding cake toppers, look no further! Have we got a book for you (and your babe). The family value minded romantics at **Pride, Love and Union Services** would love to send you their **Commitment Ceremony** guide. Write or call any time: P.O. Box 283, Woodstock VT 05091, Phone 603-448-3754, Fax 603-448-4076.



The Bigger the Better

The **Lesbian Fat Activists Network (LFAN)** is an affinity organization for size-friendly Lesbians of all sizes, formed in 1993 because fighting fat oppression is so much more fun in the company of other Lesbians who appreciate beauty on a generous scale. If you'd like to get the fab newletter, (with lots of great ideas of how to annoy the fat phobic establishment), send $20 ($5-$10 low income) to Weber, 815 15th Ave. E., Seattle WA 98112. Or if you just want some naked pictures, check out **Fat Girl,** "the new zine for Fat Dykes and our friends" by contacting Fat Girl, 2215-R Market St. #193, SF, CA 94114.

Queer Theory Geeks Spin the Bottle in Iowa

What do 1200 transgendered, lesbian, bisexual, gay, and other queers do after attending three days of academic panels with such titles as Clits in Court: "Lesbians and the Law," "S/M-Othering Heights," and "Anals of History?" These and dozens of other panels, workshops and entertainment composed **The Sixth North American Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual Studies Conference** held this past November 17-20 in Iowa City, Iowa. We don't know about the other 1120 conferees, but eighty opted for a sex party hosted on the Saturday of the conference by bi-coastal partners-in-crime Rebecca Kaplan of Boston, and Jill Nagle of San Francisco. Kaplan has hosted women only events of this sort, and Nagle has hosted queer mixed gender sex parties preceded by erotic performance. Their solution to how to carve up the space and deal with the potential challenges of so many newcomers? Says Nagle, "We had two big rooms, so we made one of them women-only and one of them mixed. We instigated spin the bottle games in each room to get people warmed up, so to speak." One attendee, a first timer, commented that she thought the event was very well organized. However, "I don't think I would have enjoyed it so much if there hadn't been people there I'd already been lusting for." Nagle plans to have a women-only event in the Bay Area in the near future. For more information, call (415) 541-5618.

E.V.E. (Erotic Video Education Fund) Announces Awards

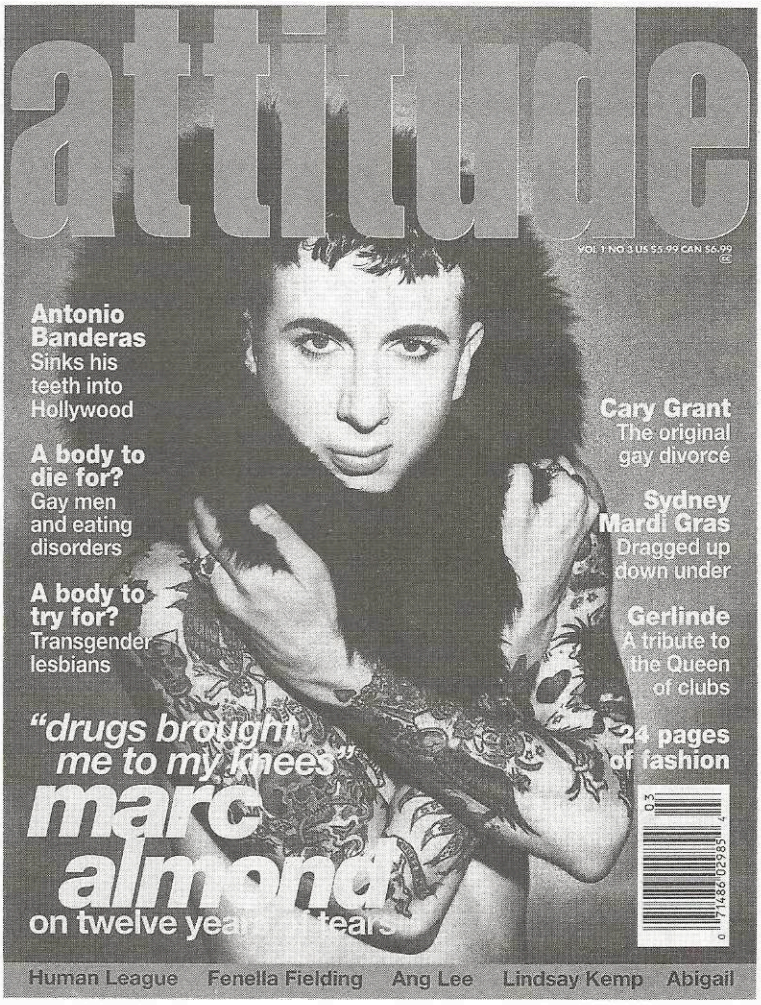
Either for lack of support, lack of awareness, or lack of funding, films and videos which focus on safe sex among women who are sexual with women have not been widely available. The **EVE Fund** is going to change that! A project professionally associated with **Frameline,** EVE is a financial resource for women to create erotic film and video projects that promote healthy behavior between women. The fund is coordinated by a voluntary group of San Francisco Bay area based women who are involved in video production, HIV prevention and education, journalism, public health, erotica and behavioral research. ***On Our Backs'*** very own Melissa Murphy and Bayla Travis proudly offer all of their *On Our Backs* erotic savvy, serving as president and submissions committee member, respectively. A twenty-member National Advisory Committee is comprised of prominent media, health, entertainment, and education professionals including Dorothy Allison, Pat Califia, Jewelle Gomez, June Jordan, JoAnn Loulan, Joan Nestle, Pratibha Parmar, Annie Sprinkle, and Helen Zia.

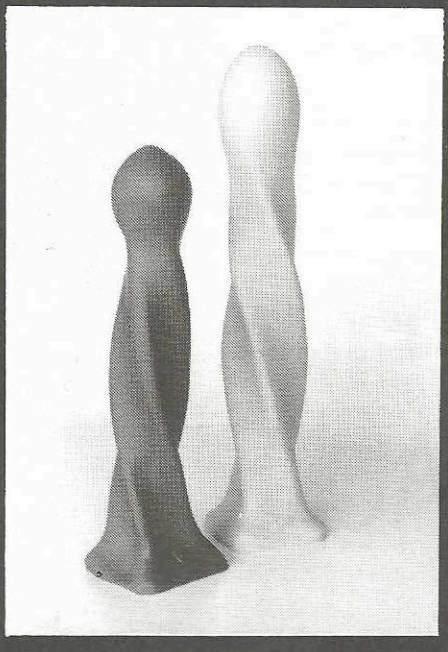
In its first funding cycle, EVE's selection committee was thrilled with the quality of eroticism, focus, and imagination of the submissions it received, and awarded two thousand dollars in grants to support projects which celebrate diversity, make us care about ourselves, and turn us on.

The awards were granted in the categories of Project Subsidy, for videographers with professional experience in video and film making, and Professional Development for first time videographers.

Hot projects included: *The Discontents*, featuring an organized pro-sex underground of lusty women who move from safe house to safe house, by Allison Kelly a N.Y.C. based visual arts student; *Kookie's and Cream*, a video about genital herpes by Wendy Jo Carlton, a Chicago area video maker, will feature "one of the longest, slowest lesbian kisses ever seen on screen;" Canadian Laurel Swenson's project will show what she feels physically and emotionally when being fisted; *Digital Sex* by Evie Leder is a must see for dykes who cruise hands, and *What We Do In Bed*, by Pendra, a multi media performance artist "portrays emotional, intimate clips of a woman's love for her lover with AIDS."

Film and video projects selected by The EVE Fund will be eligible for inclusion in the *She's Safe* video series. Released annually and distributed nationally by Frameline, the *She's Safe* video series will be available for home purchase via mail order and for rental in video stores (for more information about Frameline's Homo Home Video line or *She's Safe*, contact Nancy Fishman at (415)-703-8650. Fifty percent of all royalties from the sale and rental of *She's Safe* will benefit The EVE Fund to support future projects. For more information about The EVE Fund, please write or call: The EVE Fund c/o Frameline, 346 Ninth ST. San Francisco, CA 94103 (415)-281-0292. Won't it be nice to not have to wear out the fast forward button watching lesbian porn for a change?





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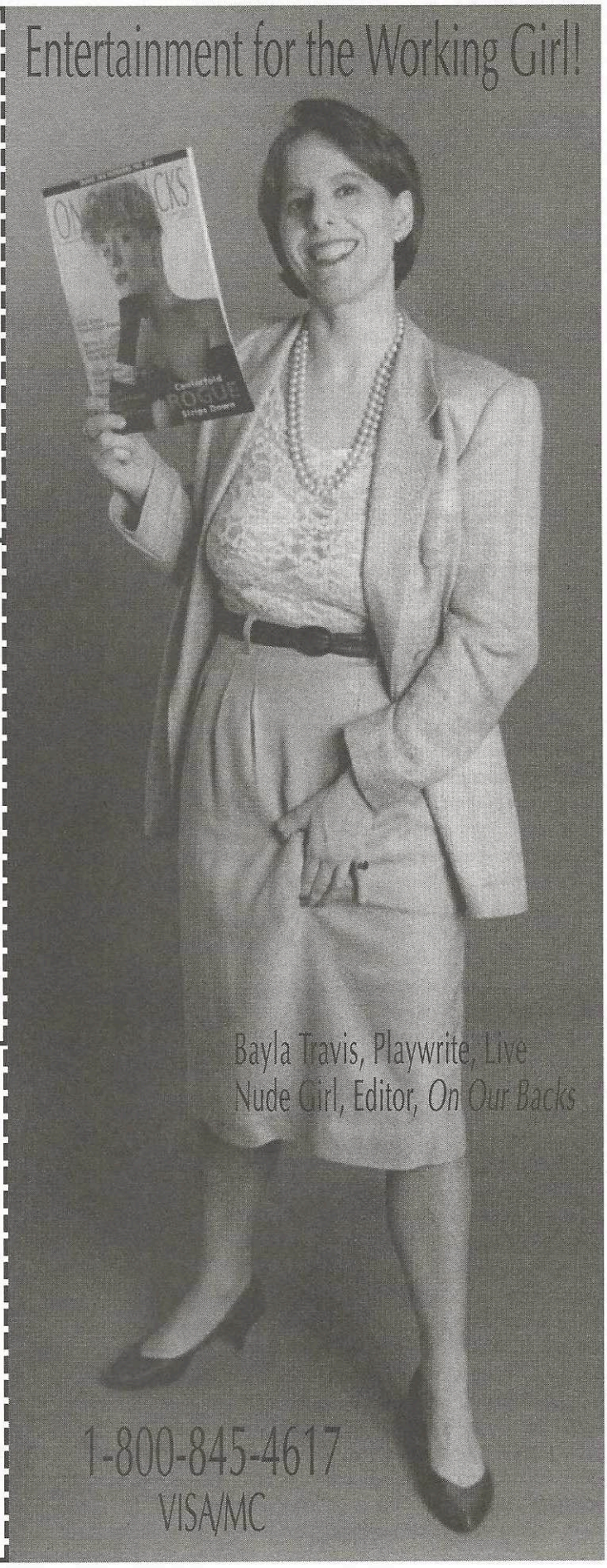


You know those low level subconscious conversations that you have with yourself, those that occupy your mind while watching people on the street or riding to work? Well, the topics most present in those subterranean levels of my mind are sexual pleasure, cultural sex negativity and systemic child sexual abuse. When I hold these issues together in the same mental room, the whole morass seems to light up and begin to unravel. As an incest survivor and a woman who managed a sex toy store until recently, the subjects of sex and childhood sexual abuse are never really separate for me. Each make up essential aspects of my being and living, and ultimately my sanity.

I want to acknowledge that humans are inherently sexual beings at any age and consensual sexual play can and does happen in one's childhood. Consensual childhood sexual play and childhood sexual abuse can be happening in one's life simultaneously. I still remember playing 'husband and wife' with my first grade best girlfriend. The wife would be waiting at home in a negligee for the husband to return from work. (Got an early start on those sexist gender roles, huh?) When he arrived they would crawl into bed and kiss passionately. We would play this game for hours, switching roles regularly so that we both got to wear each set of dress up clothes. Funny, how that 'switch' thing started so early, and it's still my style! I also recall that during this play I would feel a sense of guilt and fear of getting caught. I remember as a child not understanding these feelings, and setting them aside in favor of the intrigue at hand. I connect those negative feelings now to the sexual abuse that was occurring in my life, and to the general sex negativity and homophobia that I was learning culturally.

Funny that I should grow up to be the store manager of Good Vibrations, San Francisco's women and worker owned sex toy store. In my work there I talked with people every day about sex, fantasy, erotica, porn, SM and sex toys. I also spend much of my time in the incest recovery and healing communities in the Bay area. One thing that frustrates me is that the issues, goals, and agendas of these two communities do not co-exist to the extent that I personally would like and which politically, I think, makes sense. Being a person who strives to have room for my whole self in my work and play, the distance between these two communities can be disheartening. I have been disturbed at times by the typical misinformation regarding child sexual abuse that I have experienced in sex positive circles. One friend commented that it must have been wonderful to have had sex so young. I thought to myself, "oh yeah, being raped by my father and his friend was fabulous at five." More than once I have felt like I can't be 'out' as a survivor without having to defend the validity of child sexual abuse or having my own experience minimized.

One of my greatest feelings of success can come after a good bout of sexing, when I realize they (my perpetrators) did not win, they didn't get me, they didn't break me.

And in the incest healing communities, people can be terrified to broach the subject of sex. Sex is seldom spoken of as a powerful, healing experience in and of itself, or the erotic as an integral aspect of being healthy human beings. I was at a survivors conference recently in which issues including, activism, creativity, relationships, and the body were addressed. When I asked if anyone was going to speak or give a workshop about sex the reply was, 'On sex?...oh no, nobody is going to be talking about sex. We didn't even think about that.' Next year I'll be presenting a workshop about sex.

During a recent workshop I led for incest and child sexual abuse survivors about sex, we began by making two lists; one was entitled SEX and the other INCEST/ABUSE. Below these headings we listed words which described these experiences.

The SEX list looked like:

fun, intense, orgasm, hot, love, anonymous, scary, intimate, consensual, nasty, sweet, come, pleasure, pain, desire, relaxing, intrigue, lots, yes, etc.

The INCEST/ABUSE list read:

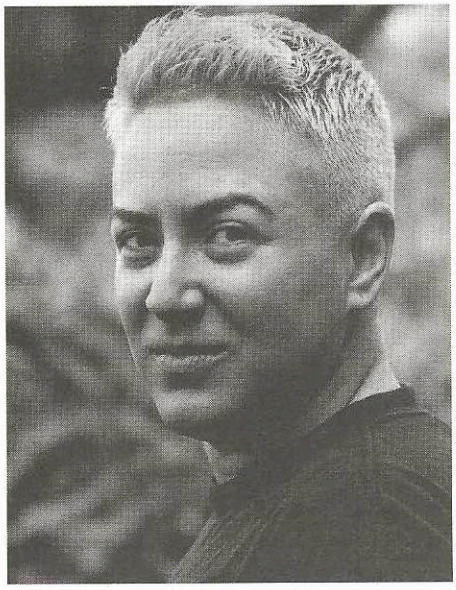
non-consensual, manipulative, 'loving', pain, pleasure, orgasm, guilt, shame, NO, why me, it's my fault, intense, it's their fault, confusing, silenced, hurt, alone, angry, grief, etc.

We then ripped up both lists into very small pieces so that the words were almost indiscernible and then dumped them into one big pile. This pile resembles the confusing array of experience that informs sex and one's sexuality after a history of sexual abuse. Even better is dumping all of the pieces into a blender with water and turning it on. What remains looks even more like the effects of child sexual abuse on one's sexuality. The task then for survivors

STACI HAINES

Continued on page 42

ASK FAIRY BUTCH



Helgh Signaldadottir

Dear Fairy Butch:

I am kind of a femme girl, and one of the things I've always wanted to do is pack a big dildo as a special surprise when I take someone home (or rather, get someone else to take me home.) But I don't want to step on anybody's toes; I know some women have issues about this sort of thing. Is it wrong to pull this kind of surprise? I don't want to misrepresent my gender/sexuality to anyone. Also, is it bad manners to use the same toy on a variety of women?

—Pretty and Packing

Dear Pretty:

You go, girl! I'm sure that there are tons of butches who would love to find such a treasure lurking beneath your smart skirt. Banish those gender prescriptions, and work that rod to your heart's content! That's the wonderful thing about being a modern-day dyke: you get to make it up as you go along. Keep what works for you, sister, and discard the rest.

As for the butch ego, it can indeed be a fragile thing. But much of this is due, however, to a perceived expectation that we must always wear the pants, (or in this case, the dick) in the family. The next time you spy the stud girl of your dreams standing there, leaning up against the bar, Budweiser in hand, saunter over and snatch a bit of the control for yourself. Set the tone: ask her to dance, have the bartender freshen her beer cocktail. As the intensity mounts, push back if she presses you into a darkened corner, tug at her hair, and by all means, let your packed panties press into her denimed crotch. If she's still with you at this point, then chances are she'll think she's found Nirvana; she might just be thrilled to have the tables turned on her. Live your dreams, sugar. Work up that sexy femme confidence, strap on that puppy, and I'll wager that before long, a coterie of butches will beat a path to your door, toes pointed north, and legs accommodatingly spread wide open.

If, however, you intend to use the same dildo on each and every one of these lucky gals, you'll have to take some precautions. If you elect to use a non-silicone specimen, you must use a condom on her each and every time. These toys can be very porous, and though they can be cleaned with soap and warm water, they cannot be disinfected. Make her get on her hands and knees and slip the condom on with her mouth, if you like, but make sure you're covered. If you decide to employ a silicone dick in your adventure, then you have a bit more latitude in the situation, as long as you properly disinfect the toy by boiling it in water, or placing it in the top rack of your dishwasher. Nonetheless, I would still encourage you to glove your love, in case she becomes so enthralled with your technique that she wants it up her ass, or alternatively, wants to do an about-face in your direction. In either case, it is imperative that you have a disinfected dick, and odds are that running a load of dishes won't be the foremost thing on your mind.

Dear Fairy Butch:

My lover and I broke up two months ago. I am trying to maintain a friendship with her, though this is difficult because I am still painfully attached to her, and she is seeing other women. I am also worried because part of me isn't feeling sexual at all, and part of me misses affection from a woman. Nonetheless, I haven't been that enthusiatic about dating. I have been taking an anti-depressant and it seems to have lessened my sex drive. Even if I did become involved in a new relationship, I don't know if my lack of sexual desire would be a hinderance. Usually, I am either in a relationship, or am actively seeking one. Should I be concerned about this situation?

—Loveless and Lagging

Dear Lagging:

Girlfriend, I'm going to tell you the same thing that your body is saying: focus on yourself. The impetus toward all-encompassing serial monogamy in our community is a powerful force, but I think it's time you took a break. Quell the compulsion to mate for a minute; now is the time to direct all that fabulous energy toward you, sugar, and there are a variety a ways you can do just that. First of all, make sure that you're taking good care of yourself; when in doubt, return to the body. I don't want to sound like your nagging old auntie, but eat well, honey, get your rest, make sure that you're getting regular exercise, and go splurge on a massage; it's a great way to get some noncommittal touch. Secondly, you might want to decrease or completely postpone your contact with your ex. Continued friendship with one's former paramour is a noble idea indeed, but in this case, I rather do my nails in a Cuisinart. Take a rest from the trauma, sister, get out there and work on some new friendships; you know, the kind that don't involve polishing your heart with sandpaper.

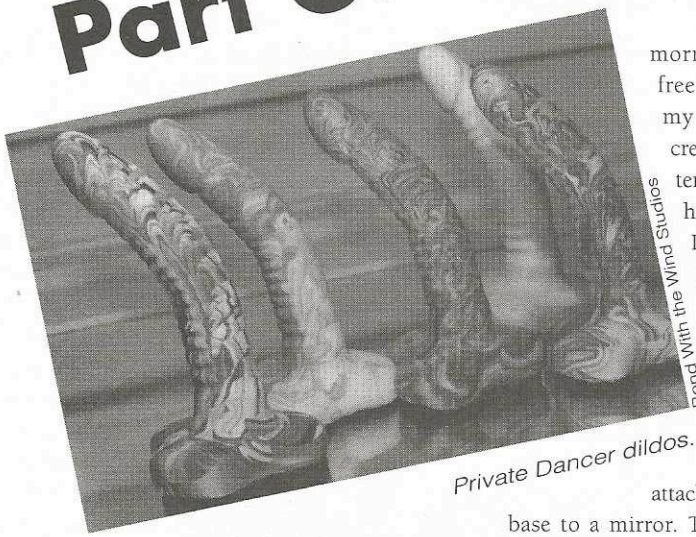
As for the impact of anti-depressants on libido, it is true that their use may change the sex drive of some women who use them. Depression itself has a similar side-effect. Some women may experience delayed orgasm, a less intense climax , or in your case, a decrease in sexual desire. Likewise, these same women may find their orgasms more satisfying than previously experienced. If the medication is beneficial to you in other ways, it may be helpful to characterize this change as difference, rather than loss. If you would, however, like to alter your medication, there are a variety of options, such as a switch in dosage or in type of drug, you can pursue. Don't hesitate to talk to your doctor— if you don't feel comfortable discussing sexual matters with your physician, then it's time to switch shrinks.

Finally, though the medicine may play a part in this change, I think that the recent split and your mad dash to fill the vacancy could be equally implicated in your low libido. Dating needn't function merely as a mate-selection process. Take a breather for now, if you like, but approach the prospect when you return with a renewed vigor. Set that girlfriend checklist on the backburner, take some chances, have some fun, and put your compulsion to create a lesbian version of Noah's ark on hold.

❖❖❖

Gentle Readers: Please submit your concerns regarding the finer points of lesbian life, sexuality, romance and other matters of the heart and nether regions to: Ask Fairy Butch at On Our Backs, *530 Howard St., Suite 400, SF, CA 94105.*

Do It Yourself: Part One



Hand Mitt the Mind Studios

Private Dancer dildos.

To quote Neil Young, 'I woke up this morning, with love in mind.' And to me, when I wake up with love in mind, it means I gotta fuck. Unfortunately, there was no one in my bed at the time and anyway, I had to get up to go to work and to sell rubber dicks to girls (rough job). I sometimes get tired of letting my fingers do the walking, so I rolled out of bed with a bottle of Slippery Stuff in my hand and headed straight to the shower.

I have one of my favorite sex toys mounted in the shower. It wakes me up much more delightfully than the pelting sensation of warm water from the Shower Massage held between my legs. It's perks me up faster than a layer of Coast soap in my armpits or a slathering from the bar of Lava on my cunt which leaves a wonderfully harsh, clean sensation. It doesn't have batteries that sputter and it's completely waterproof. It's the best improvement for a shower since they took Farah Fawcett Majors off the bottle of Fabergé Organics. I get my morning rocks off hands-free while I am brushing my teeth and letting the cream rinse permeate my tender hair shafts. What I have, baby, is the Private Dancer, the best sextoy to come along in ages.

Invented by Psychosexual Products in Portland, Oregon, the silicone Private Dancer was originally created to attach with the suction cup base to a mirror. The object is to watch your reflection while fucking this lovely dildo and relish your body's reactions to its awesome power. While this idea appeals to me very much, I have a hard time grasping the concept of fucking something attached to glass. There's always the possibility that I might require medical attention if my humping got out of hand. I thought of other smooth surfaces I could attach this gizmo to, and low and behold, the shower wall fit the bill perfectly. The three suction cups hold the dildo firmly. It is almost difficult sometimes to remove it by hand (luckily there are little fingertip pulls on each of the suction cups). I have mine adjusted so I can wash or rinse my hair while getting nailed from behind.

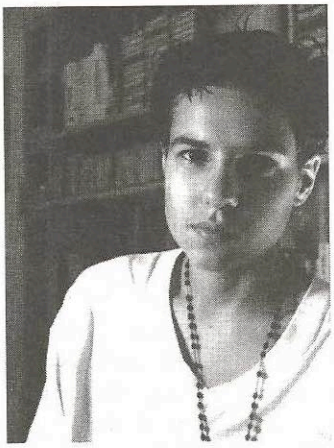
Since we all know that water is not the greatest lubricant in the world, my choice for shower slop is Slippery Stuff. Originally invented to make it easier to get into scuba wet suits, this lubricant is available both as a liquid and a gel. For some strange reason, although it is water based (as all good lubes are), it does not readily break down in water. This makes it a great lubricant to use in the bath, shower or hot tub. Considering I live in Boston where hot tubs are not too plentiful, I tend to use gallons of it in the shower. It stays put and it makes riding my Dancer an extremely satisfying experience. After selling this silicone innovative product for about a month at Grand Opening!, I found that most girls wanted the Private Dancer without the suction cups, so it could be used in a harness. So I spoke to the creative mind behind Psychosexual Products, and Viola! she came up with the harness version of the Private Dancer. The harness version is the same design, but with a concave bottom, that lays flat while it's in a harness. But fear not, the harness version but can still be slammed against a flat surface so you can get fucked to your heart's content. It's absolutely incredible! These beauties are available in swirling shades such as Lemon Bavarian, Raspberry Cheesecake, Plum Parfait, Mocha Swirl and Tangerine Cream, sure to match any bath decor! They sure have been a hit at my store and are available at many of our favorite sextoy stores - just call to find out which ones carry the Psychosexual Products line.

The neat thing about being able to brush my teeth while fucking my dildo in the shower is that now I can prevent cavities and fill them simultaneously.

KIM AIRS

Sex & Love & Cute Girls

Ana Kokkinos' Only the Brave



Desi del Valle

She says that she's just good friends with **Cindy Crawford**, but Supermodel **Christy Turlington** draws her heterosexual boundary at **Bill Clinton** and opts for **Naomi Campbell** when asked who she would rather have sex with in a recent *Advocate* interview. Why? Christy explains, "Have you ever seen her body?" Christy also makes mention of fellow Supermodel and sexy Asian andro-dyke, **Jenny Shimuzu** as the only out lesbian model she knows. The super-tatooed Shimuzu, who was once rumored to have had a thing with the **mononominal girl** (but then hasn't everyone), can be seen in any number of your favorite fashion mags as well as in the otherwise annoying commercial for **Calvin Klein's** new co-gender fragrance CK1. Hardcore Shimuzu fans will want to dig up the August issue of *Vogue* to find the profile of L.A. based dyke photographer **Cathy Opie** which features an early photo of Shimuzu decked out in facial hair.

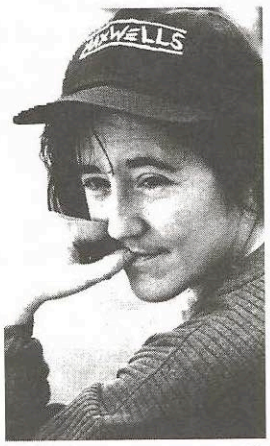
Were you lucky enough to catch the **"lipstick lesbian"** episode of our favorite teen-angst fest, **Beverly Hills 90210?** If not, be sure to watch for the re-run. Apparently there are no butches in Beverly Hills.

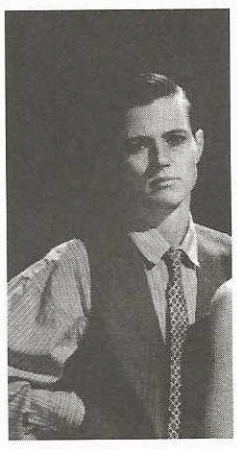
Rumor has it that the folks at San Francisco's Stormy Leather got a visit from **Roseanne** recently. Accompanied by a female shopping companion, she picked out a lovely leather pinafore.

Lesbian Hollywood is always gossiping about **Jodie's** new beaus. Word has it that her *amour de jour* is definitely not happily-married ATT spokesmodel **Whitney Houston.**

San Francisco's rowdiest dyke band, **Tribe 8** has just emerged from a gruelling stint in the recording studio. Their new 15-song CD will feature such classic fare as "Butch in the Streets, Femme in the Sheets" and "Frat Pig." Super-cute guitarist **Lynn Flipper** tells us to keep our ears open for a cameo whipcracking appearance by our favorite Dyke Daddy (and *Dagger* cover-model), **Skeeter.**

Boze Hadleigh's new book, *Hollywood Lesbians* features casual conversations with some of the world's classiest women. Unfortunately, the tete-a-tete gets a little tense when Boze blunders into intimate territory. Hadleigh asks twice-married *Rebecca*-star **Dame Judith Anderson** how it could hurt her to come out as a dyke. "It couldn't!" she shouts, "But I wouldn't come out in a million years! Why should I? I owe nothing! Lesbians never gave me anything... I live my own life and good luck to them. But leave me alone now. Everybody just leave me alone!" With that, she throws Boze out. And he didn't even mention her role as a butch gangster in the 1941 classic *Lady Scarface*!





At left, Christine Vachon; at right, Hans Scheirl

A recent ten-page feature in *The New Yorker's* Annals of Law section takes an in-depth look at some of the problems and issues arising from Canada's 1992 anti-porn law. Writer **Jeffrey Toobin** focuses in on homophobic customs seizures and harrassment of book and video stores, showing the selective enforcement of the law by interviewing Time Warner's lawyer who explains how they got Madonna's *Sex* book approved. Toobin also interviews the defendants in the Glad Day Bookstore trial of 1992 and explicates the plot of dyke writer **Trish**

J. STARK

Thomas' story "Wunna My Fantasies" which was the "obscene material" at the center of the trial. Toobin's description of the story is a uniquely pleasurable experience: "The narrator caresses the shower-taker after they fall to the floor, then attaches clamps to her nipples. Observing safe-sex rules throughout, they engage in a practice known as 'fisting,' which they both clearly enjoy."

Coming Soon (or Later) — A Lesbian Feature Film Update

Right now there is truly a mind-boggling number of lesbian feature films in various stages of development, pre-production, production, post-production and waiting for distribution. It looks like *Screen Imternational* had it right last year when they proclaimed that "*Go Fish* signals the belated advent of lesbian cinema." Get ready for the Lesbian New Wave.

Alison Anders (*Mi Vida Loca*) is currently in pre-production on a small-screen version of **Dorothy Alison's** *Bastard Out Of Carolina* for Showtime. **Emma Thompson** will star in a film adaptation of*The Well Of Loneliness*, based on Radclyffe Hall's notorious 1920s sapphic saga. Producer **Christine Vachon** (*Swoon, Postcards From America*) is currently developing **Leslie Feinberg's** *Stone Butch Blues* for the big screen. In England, **Fiona Cunningham-Reid** (*Feed Them To The Cannibals*)is just completing *Thin Ice*, a skating romance shot at the Gay Games and **A. Hans Scheirl** (*Flaming Ears*) has completed shooting on the new cyberdyke thriller, *Dandy Dust*.

Monika Treut (*The Virgin Machine, My Father Is Coming*) will start shooting her futuristic feminist extravaganza, *The Virility Factor* this Spring in San Francisco. **Jennie Livingston** (*Paris is Burning*) will arrive in SF shortly thereafter to start on the low-budget dyke drama, *You're The Top*. Just finishing post-production in SF is the wacky and colorful dyke feature *Fanci's Persuasion* directed by fabulous fag filmmaker **Charles Wurmfeld**.

Po-mo poster child **Sandra Bernhard** will star as cruise director Julie McCoy in next summer's *National Lampoon's Love Boat* . **Ana Kokkinos'** hard-hitting dyke coming-of-age feature *Only The Brave* (winner of the Audience Award for Best Lesbian Feature at the 1994 San Francisco Lesbian & Gay Film Festival) has just been picked up for distribution, look for it. Also, keep an eye out for **Jon Moritsugu's** *Mod Fuck Explosion* which features dyke actor/filmmaker **Desi del Valle** in a studly genderfuck role as a troubled teenage boy. Other new lesbian features are on the way from **Patricia Rozema** (*I've Heard the Mermaids Singing*), **Midi Onodera** (*Ten Cents a Dance*), **Maria Maggenti** (*Name Day*) and **Marta Balletbo-Coll** (*Intrepidissima*).

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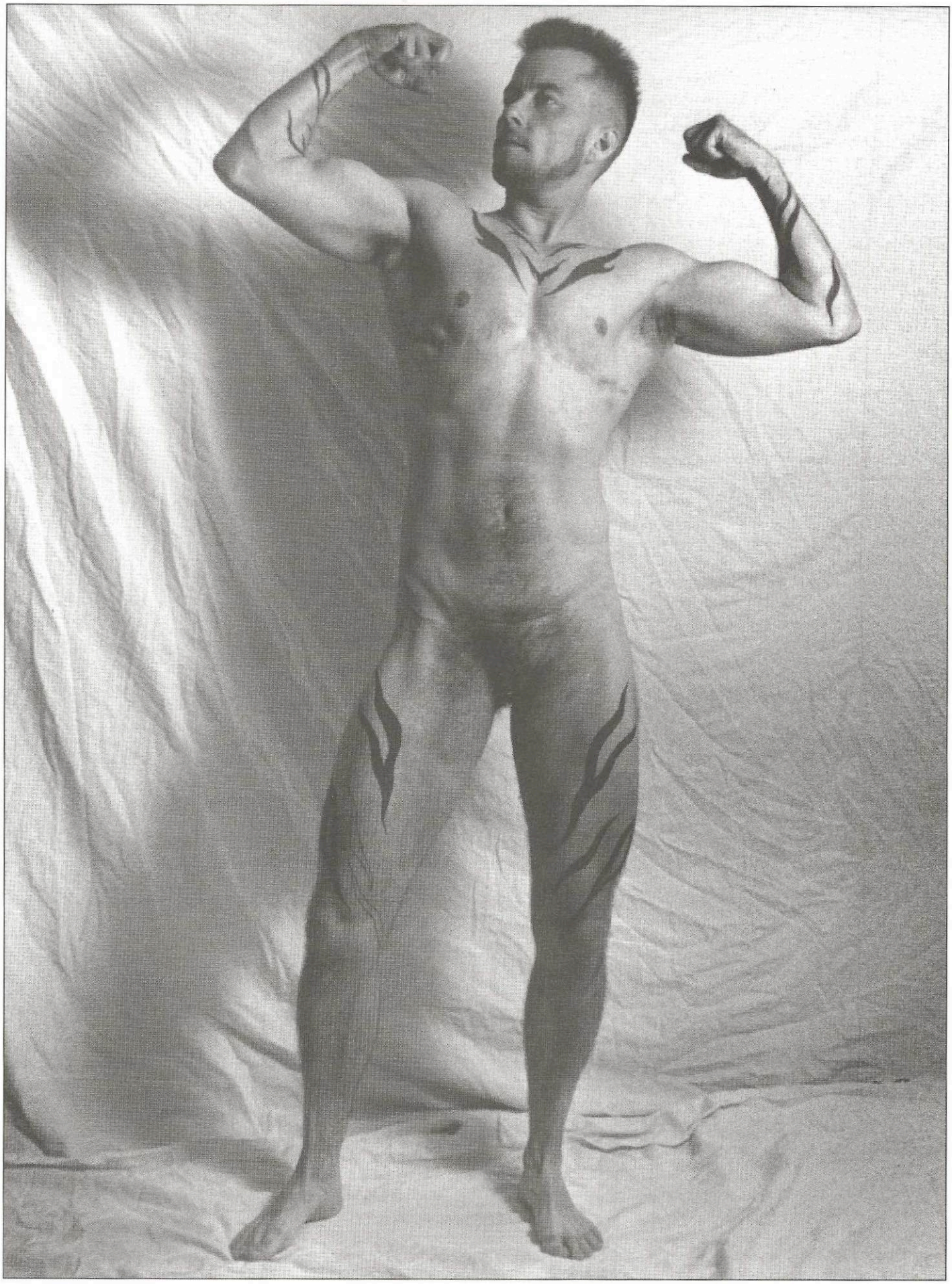


How Shall I Address You?

Pronouns, Pussies and Pricks—Talking to Female-to-Male Transsexuals

by Cherry Smyth

Photos by Loren Cameron

At left, Loren Cameron:

"I used to read a lot of graphic art novels and loved looking at all those masculine archetypes. I always wanted a body like those comic book heroes with their bulging biceps and firm, hard pecs. But it wasn't just about muscles, it was about gender identity."

About two or three years ago, stories, rumours, anecdotes and gossip began to circulate about the daddy-boy dyke scene in San Francisco. Butch dykes were apparently identifying as fags in more than their sex-play, having begun to indiscriminately shoot testosterone, passing as gay men, disrupting women-only enclaves and confounding gay male cruisers. Was it the final signal that feminism had failed to resolve inequality between the sexes and that women were finding it simpler to buy into male privilege and jockey shorts? Those of us who had packed a pair of socks and donned moustaches for the London club scene knew the power that emanates from performing masculinity. Transatlantic phone and fax lines were buzzing.

Recently I traveled to San Francisco to discover how distance had distorted the picture. There I found that the term 'transgender' has entered the queer lexicon to describe identities or behaviours that transgress culturally designated roles of male and female, from cross-dressers and transsexuals, to drag kings and genderfuckers. There has also been a pronounced upsurge in political activism within the transgender community with the birth of Transgender Nation and the Transgender Task Force to campaign for anti-discriminatory legislation, as well as the FTM newsletter and the Transsexual News Telegraph which network beyond the various support groups. The local lesbian/gay/bi newspaper 'The Bay Times' recently added 'trans' to its masthead, an out lesbian transsexual is running for public office and last year, voters passed legislation which protected employees of the city council from discrimination on the grounds of 'gender identity'.

Statistics suggest that two in every 100 thousand are transsexual in the U.S., with equal numbers of female-to-males as male-to-females having surgery. But why the sudden, unprecedented visibility and vocality of FTMs among the dyke community? Is it a result of queer politics, the increased realization that sexual identity is not determined by sex object choice alone or the permission to play with gender roles more than before? Is it connected to the convergence of dykes and fags around AIDS and a new, mutual fascination and respect?

All of the FTMs I spoke to strongly refuted that their behaviour was a fad, insisted that they had suffered extremely distressing gender dysphoria since childhood and had falsely assumed that a lesbian identity would resolve their dissonance with their bodies. Some had identified as butch, some as femme and some as tomboys who had never felt comfortable with either designation. They were articulate about their choices and all saw themselves as part of a continuum of gender identity of which their lesbian identity was a part. Some called themselves FTMs, others trans-

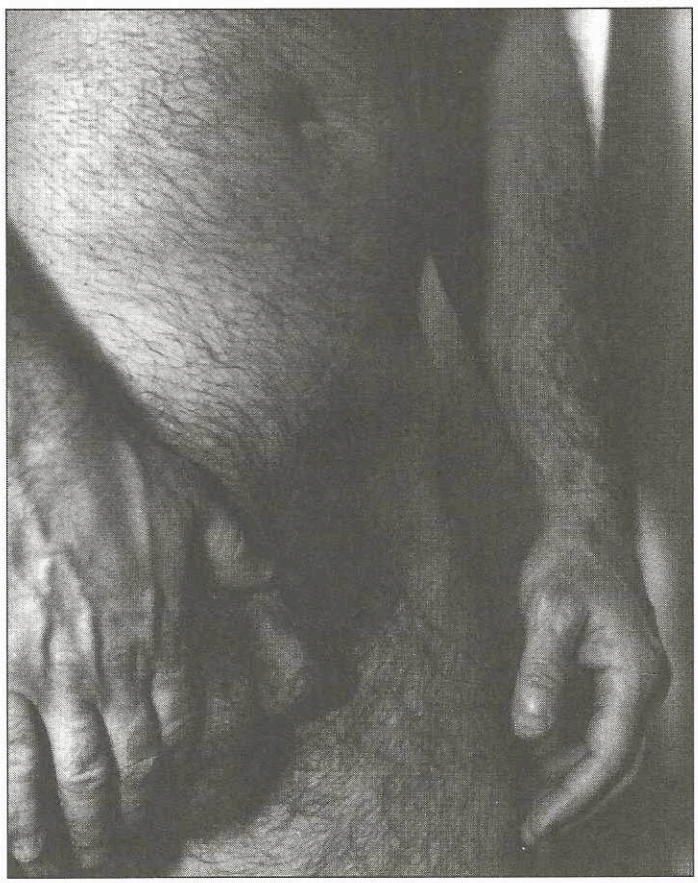
At left, Anne Ogborne: "This is really a nice body. It's like a brand new sports car. About a $17,000 sports car."

sexual men and some male-identified queers. All were taking hormones, only a few had had surgery and some thought they would never desire or afford a costly process which cut and scarred their bodies and is far less satisfactory and developed than surgery for male-to-females.

Although most of the FTMs I met were unable to afford sex-confirmation/reassignment surgery, testosterone ensures that they pass as male very effectively. Around 1cc, 200mg of testosterone is injected every two weeks into the hip, butt or thigh. Periods stop within a month and the voice deepens. An outbreak of acne may signal the body's second adolescence. The clitoris enlarges up to 2.5 inches. Other secondary male characteristics develop, such as increased facial and body hair, a thickening of the neck and skull and a squaring of the jaw. The musculature becomes denser. There is a raise in body temperature and change in body odour.

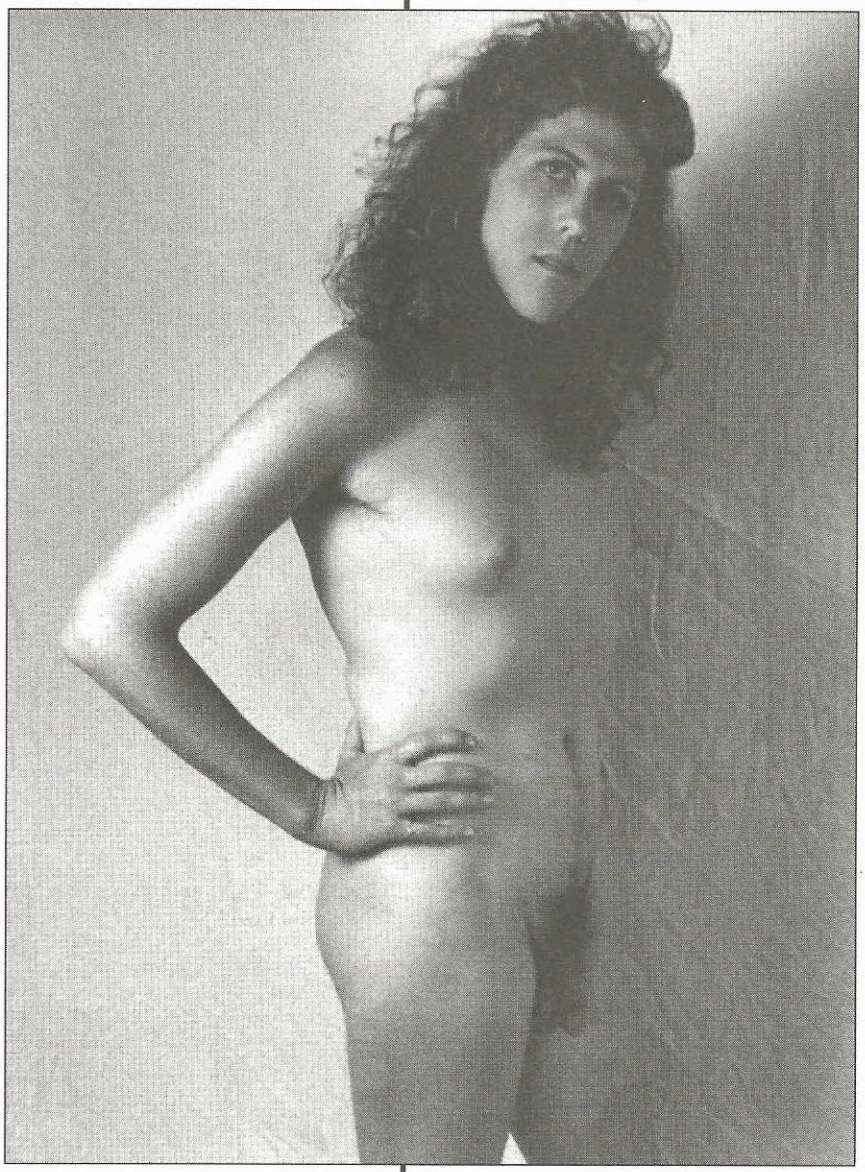
Medical practice insists that FTMs have a minimum of three months therapy before hormones; then cross-live for at least a year before surgery. But hormones are freely exchanged and sold in some bars or obtained in Mexico and some FTMs are suspicious of the medical standards and self-administer. Stafford, a 36-year-old graphic designer who's been self-administering 'on and off' for two years explained, 'I waited three years before I started, but I don't believe in the therapy system. The doctor I saw wanted $40 a time. It took five minutes and he refused to give me a prescription so he could pocket the money.' One of the drawbacks to self-care is a failure to monitor the possible side effects of the drug which are multiple, including heart and liver disease, high blood pressure, elevated cholesterol and mood swings. Overdosing is difficult because whatever the body cannot absorb is converted to estrogen. A local clinic reserves one afternoon a week to provide free hormones and medical assessments for transsexuals who can't afford routine medical care.

Some FTMs reported an increased sex drive, while others said that they lost interest in sex with other people for a while. Most claimed to be quicker to anger and stick up for themselves which they saw as a positive thing, resulting as much from increased self-confidence as the effect of the testosterone. Several said they experienced as sense of relief and being calmer. One, Texas Tomboy, whose aim is to 'provide a role model as a grown-up tomboy', found that the hormones cured his hyperactivity disorder. 'I noticed I was able to relax, to sit down and read without distractions. I did better in college immediately.' Twenty-four-year-old Texas was the only person I spoke to whose use of hormones disturbed me. Texas referred to taking the hormones as 'an experiment', 'a performance', which I found terrifying and was disconcerting to other FTMs I



Looking at You Looking at Me

Susan Stryker



At right, Susan Stryker:
"I look forward to the time when my body fits together with another woman's the way I want it to, instead of constantly feeling like I've got to stuff something out of the way, or move it aside or feel like, "oh, god, I'm getting an erection—damn!" I don't want to have to do that. So if my body works orgasmically post-surgically, then fine. But if it doesn't, well, I already know how to compensate for the situation I happen to be in to get the pleasure that I want. I've had to do that all my life in order to be able to get off."

I know why I let myself be photographed. Do you know why you look?

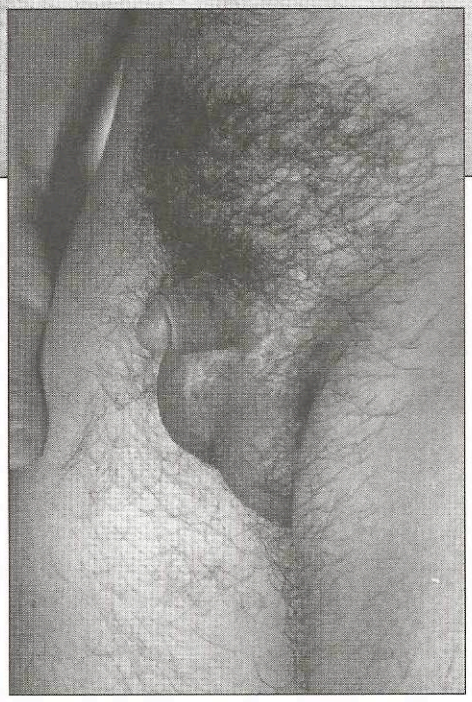
Before starting transition from male to female, I always resisted standing in front of a camera. In my daily life I was constantly striking self-conscious poses that (in my own mind at least) parodied some variety of masculinity. I was a hippie, hipster, hick, faggot, GQ cover boy, drag queen, suburban white-trash rocker dude, transvestite dominatix slutgoddess—pretty much anything but jock, which I've never been able to carry off. I toyed with the visible surfaces of myself because I felt trapped in a genre of genders I never asked to be caught in. Our culture's insistence on interpreting styles of dress and public presentations of self by reading them against the backdrop of the body rendered all my genders a version of being male. I couldn't identify myself with any of them because of that, but I could take some cynical pleasure in fucking around with them. I didn't want any photographs. Photographs seemed like pointless insults, guillible little frozen mirrors that reproduced the fabrications I clothed myself in and passed them off as a reality I couldn't escape. I wanted nothing to do with them.

Beginning physical transition altered my relation to the camera. At first I felt overexposed. I had no experience being in the world without the protective filter of an elaborately manipulated image to which I felt no particular attachment. Unlike presenting myself as a man, presenting myself as a woman mattered, because something vital to my sense of self was publically visible. I felt as if my skin had been ripped off and all sensation slammed directly onto raw meat and screaming nerves. I was larval, partly formed, writhing in unaccustomed sunlight, acutely sensitive

Continued on page 40

Above, Anne Ogborne:

"I have a different relationship to my body than non's do. I know the man who made my genitals. I paid for my body with a cashier's check."



At left, Anonymous:

"In a way, I see the change I've gone through as a sort of miracle."

talked to. 'We all perform gender every day and my decision to go a step further was to stretch the limits of what is a dyke world by doing this performance. We should have the choice to go through both puberties and make a decision about where along that spectrum we belong.' That Texas did not seem to be concerned about the irreversibility of some the effects of testosterone and blithely conjured a 'cybergender' with something that was not a virtual body, was alarming.

In order to pass more fully, those who can afford it have 'top' and 'bottom' surgery. Top surgery, or mastectomy, for large-breasted FTMs, involves removing the nipple, sizing down the breast and replacing the nipple, which loses some sensation. In keyhole surgery, fat is liposuctioned out through a small hole with minimal scarring. As surgery is commonly seen as cosmetic, clients have to pay for treatment themselves, ranging from $3-7000 for upper surgery and $40-100,000 for lower surgery and a hysterectomy. Bottom surgery involves two options: a metoidioplasty or genitoplasty, which involves freeing up the clit and inserting silicone testicular implants into the labia to simulate balls. The clit then resembles a small penis. A phalloplasty is more expensive, extensive and has varied amounts of success. A false phallus is constructed out of skin, muscles, arteries and nerves from the forearm or another hairless part of the body. A rolled tube of flesh is then attached to the naval and the pubic area, like a suitcase handle, for three months, to develop a blood supply. Then it is detached at the top end and allowed to drop downwards. The penis has no head and no erectile or urinary function. There are pumps and inserts to simulate erection. The insert has the advantage of putting

pressure on the clit, now located above the scrotum. Some men choose to have their vaginas partially sewn up. Improvements include tattooing matching skin colour onto the penis and building up a head. Penis transplants are still being researched.

Every FTM I spoke to considered phalloplasties a joke, lacking function and aesthetics. Most were happy to continue using dildos, being fucked anally or vaginally. Jordy Jones, a 31-year-old writer and 'theory-hound', has been taking hormones for a year and a half but does not want surgery. 'I'm not trying to turn into a man. I've always been gender ambiguous and I still am. I've been doing experiments pulling down my clit and tying it up. Once I get a full beard I'm going dancing with a wonderbra and a goatee.'

Lin Fraser, a psychotherapist who's been counselling transsexuals for many years, confirmed that there has been a recent increase in the number of lesbian clients. 'I can't make a blanket statement because nothing around gender is the same for everyone. For some, it is perhaps as a result of queer culture allowing them to break from bi-polar ideas of gender. There's more flexibility and celebration of different ways of being a feminist or a dyke. I do see some people who have identified with the butch community so long that they don't want to leave it.' And how big a role does misogyny play? 'I've asked myself this over the years and it is qualitatively different. There is a dissociation from the body which is distinct from say, someone who's been abused and cuts off. It's not something I prescribe lightly.' How do your clients reconcile it with feminism and accusations that they are capitulating to patriarchy? 'Feminism is about choice and individuation. Rather than capitulating, they're freeing themselves to be who they really are. Theory-wise, I could argue either way, but that's not what I hear in my office.' When I posed the same question to a FTM called David, he replied, 'I used to think that transsexuals really needed to accept the body they were born into and that a sex change wasn't natural. But life, as I've discovered, is more complex than a set of political theories.'

Reactions in the lesbian and gay community are mixed. While some dykes continue to support and date FTMs, others mourn the loss of their butch buddies and lovers. Jo Leroux, butch-stripper and car mechanic finds it scary. 'I believe you're on this planet the way you are for a reason. It's much easier to get hormones now, maybe too easy. All you have to say is you're a man trapped in a woman's body. Most of the transsexuals I knew made the transition into the straight world - it wasn't this genderfuck thing. These butches are a younger

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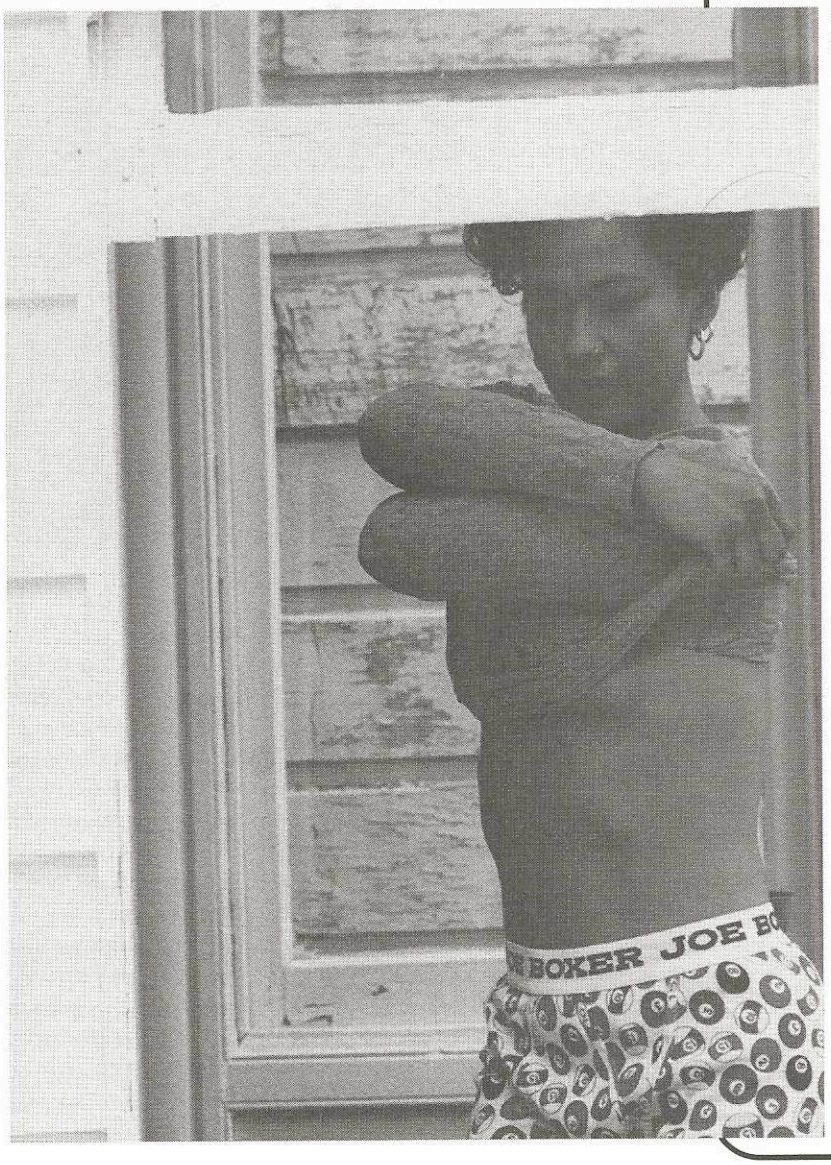
WINDOW TO MY SOULMATE

PHOTOS BY WENDY JILL YORK

DEEP INSIDE MIDORI



WHY ARE YOU INTERESTED IN BEING IN ON OUR BACKS?
I've been in a couple of lezzy magazines, and this was another opportunity to, in a small way, contribute to our community. On Our Backs also represents a sort of sub culture within the community that has always intrigued me.

HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR DAYS?
Mostly working in the East Bay as a hairstylist. I enjoy any number of things; cafes, working out, just hanging out in the city. I read mostly, and love to write. Love just hanging out alone, wandering about aimlessly.

HOW DO YOU SPEND YOUR NIGHTS?
'Cause I am involved with a wonderful women (3 years) we are a bit domesticated! I enjoy a long hot bath, with candlelight of course, a good massage and the feel of my girlfriend's body close to mine.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE THING TO DO TO A WOMAN?
Tease her! First I like a good amount of foreplay, with subtle gestures of deep want. Then at that moment of uncertain urgency, I'll work my way down her body. My tongue works like a feather toward her pussy and then I anxiously work her into a deep wetness.

WHAT WAS THE MOST OUTRAGEOUS PLACE YOU HAVE EVER HAD SEX ?
I can't pick one really. I guess it's the act more than a place. I like sex in public places, where "we could get caught" or "they could see us."

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE SEX TOY?
Dildo/vibrator.

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE MASTURBATION FANTASY?
I don't think I have a favorite. Since age nine I've thought about different scenarios. Sometimes I drift off into myself. I concentrate on my body. I try to feel as much as possible, both inside and out. When I climax sometimes I'll think about my lover and I'll call out to her "Yes baby, that's it bring me-"

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE WAY TO MASTURBATE?
I'm usually in my bedroom, often the hot bath. I'll just start off touching myself, then sometimes I fantasize. I'll work myself up, use a dildo, gently fuck myself, and then use a vibrator on my clit. As I'm about to come, I'll use the dildo more urgently, until I bring myself off.

WHERE DO YOU PLACE YOURSELF ON THE BUTCH/FEMME SCALE?

That's a tough question since I don't apply any gender specifics to myself as a woman. I often think of "butch/femme" as "masculine and feminine". As it applies to me, (the yin/yang thing), if I had to say butch/femme, I'd say "FUTCH".

WHERE DO YOU PLACE YOURSELF ON THE TOP/BOTTOM SCALE?

I'm a top 70% of the time. 30% when I am tired.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT YOUR BODY?

Most of the time, "good" to "could be better." Sometimes, "fuck it.... who cares." Always "great tits," "okay ass," "wish my legs were a little longer."

WHERE DO YOU USUALLY MEET YOUR SEX PARTNERS?

Since I used to GO-GO dance it was easy to meet women. But I am not very aggressive, when it comes to actually going up to a woman. They usually walk up to me, or friends would do the dirty work.

WHAT ABOUT YOU SURPRISES PEOPLE?

At first I'm a bit stand-offish. My face doesn't say "Hey, I'm really nice, let's talk." So it takes a bit of time for me to warm up. I'm shy I guess. But once I do, I'm sincere and very straight up. There's never any chance that I'll be wishy-washy. If I get a funny impression from you, you know it. Honesty always surprises people.

WHAT MAKES YOUR HEART SKIP A BEAT?

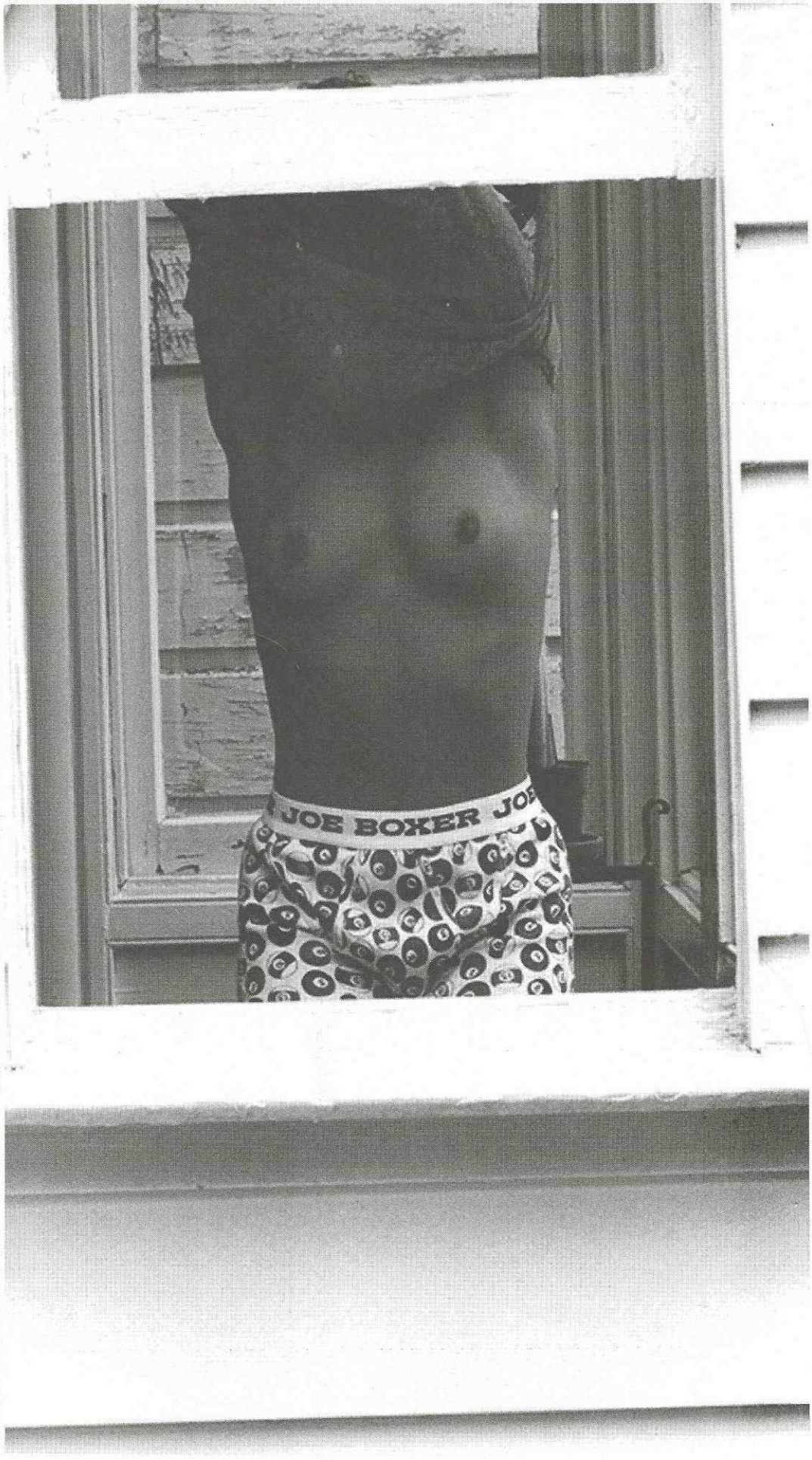
Laying quietly with my love. She has this way of making me feel like honey. Her fingers are long and her touch is light. Her voice is a lullaby, and then the way she holds me is the fortress that stands alone.

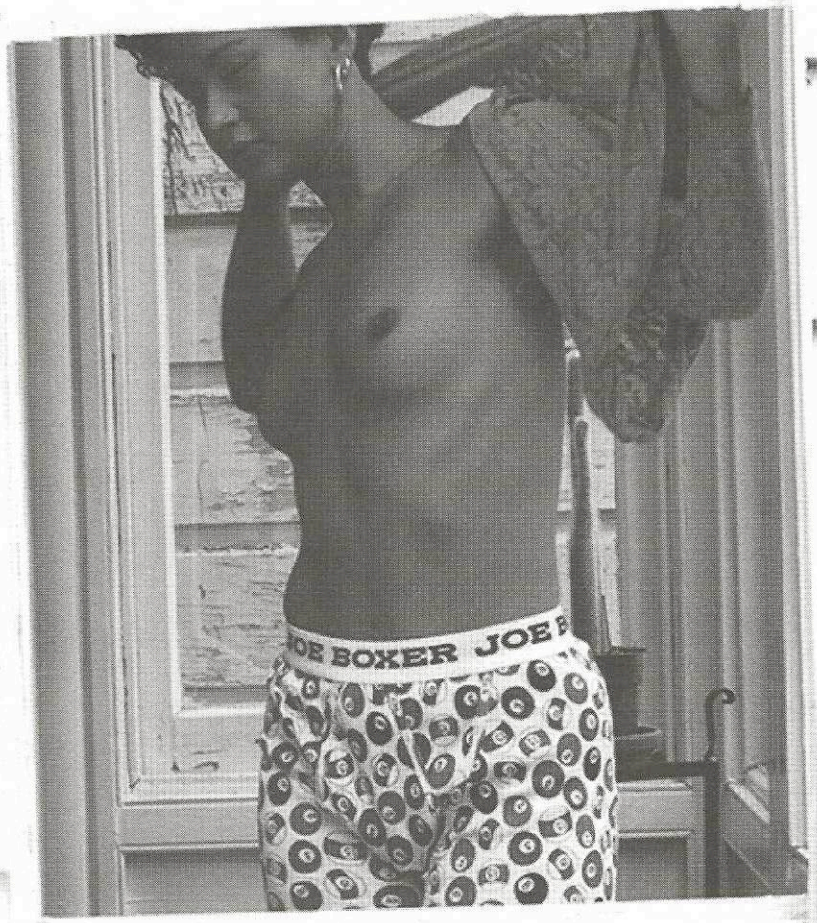
WHAT MAKES YOUR PUSSY WET?

Eating pussy.

WHAT MAKES YOUR NIPPLES HARD?

Cold weather! A warm smile, and great legs!





WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE JERK OFF READING OR VIEWING?

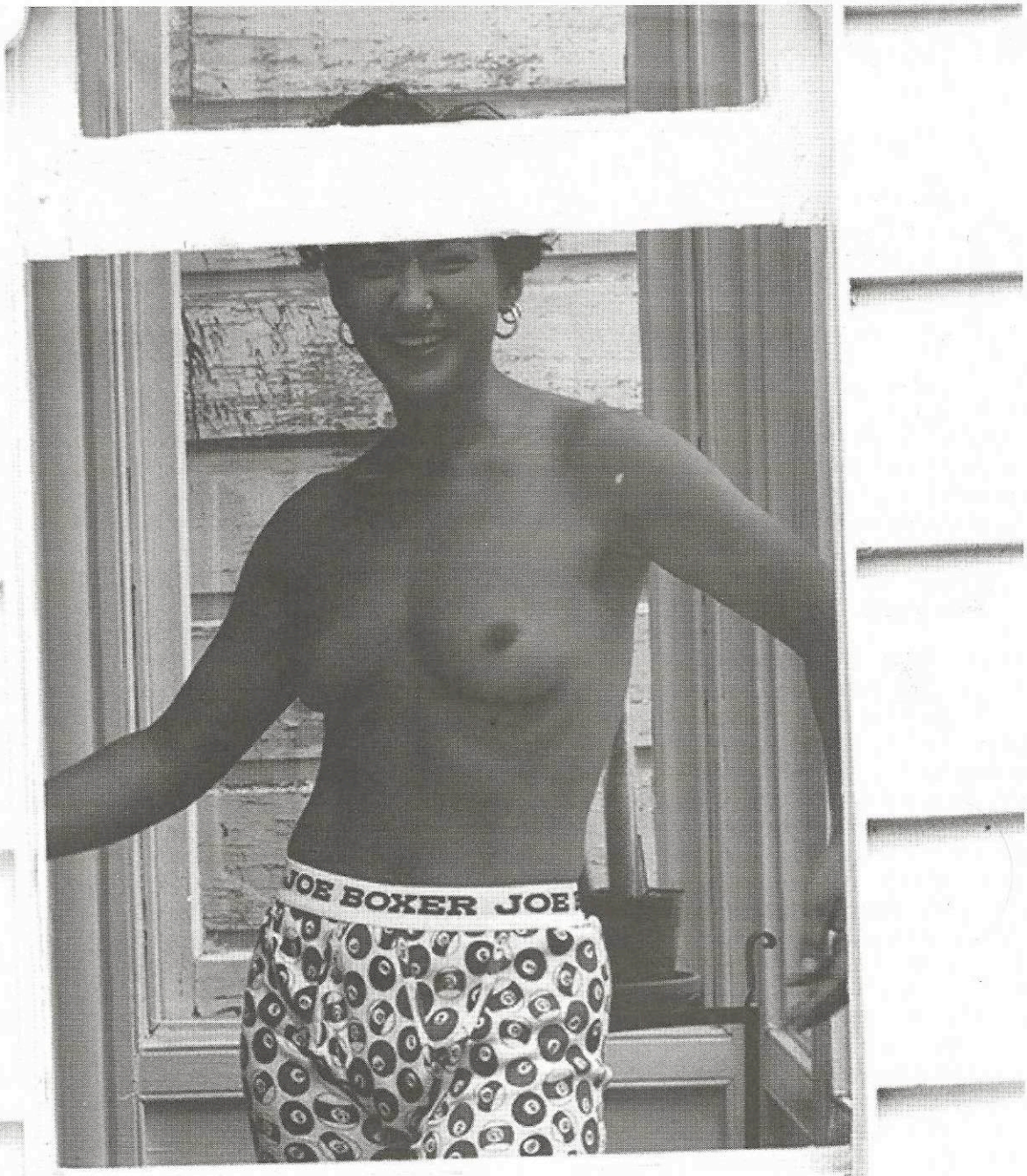
I love gay male porn, reading and viewing. They know how to fuck and they get right to it. I don't like fake, straight man's porn where the girls look like twisted playboy versions of lezzie bitches with big hair and long fake nails. RIGHT! Ever had a girl say "Sorry, but my nail broke in your pussy?"

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE PART OF A WOMAN'S BODY?

Her whole body from head to toe! Ass, arms, legs, tits, beautiful! I melt for a gorgeous smile!!

WHEN DID YOU HAVE YOUR FIRST ORGASM? WHAT WERE THE CIRCUMSTANCES?

Oh, that's easy. I was nine years old, I had to pee. I wiped, it felt good, so I kept on wiping. But that was with my clit. My first orgasm vaginally was "Oh... so hey... what... what's... oh my god that!" My first love was the first person that I completely let go with.


JOE BOXER JOE

FICTION

Locks & Keys

I heard a scuffle of feet and some muffled voices, then the screaming in the next room stopped. Everything was quiet as I waited for the nurse to make his hourly rounds. When the door to my room pushed open and creaked, a flashlight glared in my face as I pretended to be asleep. I felt anxious and restless: exhausted from endless therapy groups full of the shared retelling of horror stories, frustrated by my overworked social worker, clueless shrink, and sleazy art therapist, and terrified of my intense emerging desire for Rob.

◆◆◆

I could only imagine what brought her there. Me, I needed a safe place to be. With wall paper dotted with framed prints of old-fashioned drawings and maps, richly colored mahogany furniture, and plush pale gray carpet, it really looked much more like a law firm, I thought. Or it could have been a dorm, with people walking through the halls all the time, except for the fact that they were all in a daze of some sort or another. Oh, and the doors to the outside world were locked, and none of us had keys.

When I first got there, they confiscated my sex life—copies of what the fortyish woman wearing a light green silk sweater called "sexually explicit material"—along with my razors, my vitamins, and the shoelaces from my Doc Martens. *Procedure*, she said. Then she lead me down a short, curved hallway to an empty, stuffy room that felt like a cross between my dorm room in college and a place at the Comfort Inn: two beds, two dressers, a private bathroom, everything painted mauve. She left me alone to "get situated." As I wandered through the over-heated room into the bathroom to unpack what was left of my stuff, I caught sight of myself in the mirror. I brushed back the wisps of light brown hair which had slipped out of my ponytail into my face. My black roll-neck sweater brought out the shadows under my eyes, which looked gray against my pale skin. As I lifted my sweater over my head, I felt this presence behind me in the room. I looked up into the mirror abruptly. The words, "Hi. I'm Robbie, your...roommate" came from the lips of a tall, twentyish woman with a solid build and very short black hair. I was stunned. Unwittingly, *they* had put *me* in a room with another dyke. I was feeling better already.

"Hi, I'm Allison," I said, as I turned to face her. "What are you in here for?" she asked directly. "What?" I returned. "You know, what are you in here for? That's the big ice breaker question around here." I looked at her, puzzled. "Sorry. I've just been here a while and I know everyone's shit." "What about you?" I asked, feeling bold. Suddenly, she just shut down. I became momentarily fixated on the matching thick, reddish scars on both her wrists. Actually, the right healed incision was longer, darker, and looked like it was more painful. They both looked like they still hurt her. This little glint in her green eyes that sparkled at me when she was playing the new neighbor just got snuffed out. Her eyes left mine and focused on the mauve carpet. "Oh, you know, long story, I..." Her voice drifted off. I had clearly made the wrong move just then, and I sincerely regretted it. I searched for a way to bring her back to me, but the nurse in the green sweater returned announcing, "Robin and Allison, it's time for Group," and I followed Robbie out of the room. I then discovered that the curved hallway was actually circular; no matter how far I walked, I would only come back to the same place. I couldn't escape from anything.

People were sitting in a circle on the mahogany and gray print fabric couches. Little by little, everyone talked and it became clear that each one had a story more disturbing than the last. I felt out of place and nervous; I just wanted to go back to my room, curl up with a pillow, and cry. But I was sharp enough to know that a mental institution is the *last* place on Earth where you can act crazy, weird, or anti-social. Besides, I wanted to make a good impression, so I revealed a little: my ongoing struggle with chronic depression, my panic attacks and suicide attempts, and my new sudden withdrawal. I felt more comfortable talking about my symptoms than everything in my life that made me feel them. It seemed strange talking to them; they were all on medication. I felt like the sober, designated driver at a weird Christmas party.

Robbie said nothing. I knew she had tried to kill herself—maybe more than once—to tear herself open and to let her blood flow, escape. I also knew that she too had a story. It could have been anything, but I was sure that someone had fucked with her and really hurt her when she was young. She had this way of playing with her hair that instantly transformed her from a tough butch dyke to a small, scared tomboy-girl. She sat and listened intently, all the while staring at me with those wicked, yet strangely soothing green eyes, sending waves of warmth through my body. But when I looked into those eyes, I couldn't see her spirit, only a far away passion; I didn't know what coursed through her veins and kept her alive. I think it was trapped, along with all her feelings, way down deep in some tender spot where no one searched for her, where no one even ventured. She could not open up to these strangers, and she wouldn't cry in front of them. I longed to seduce the desires simmering below the surface of her skin. Yes, there were walls between us, but I could swear that her eyes were beckoning, "Come to me."

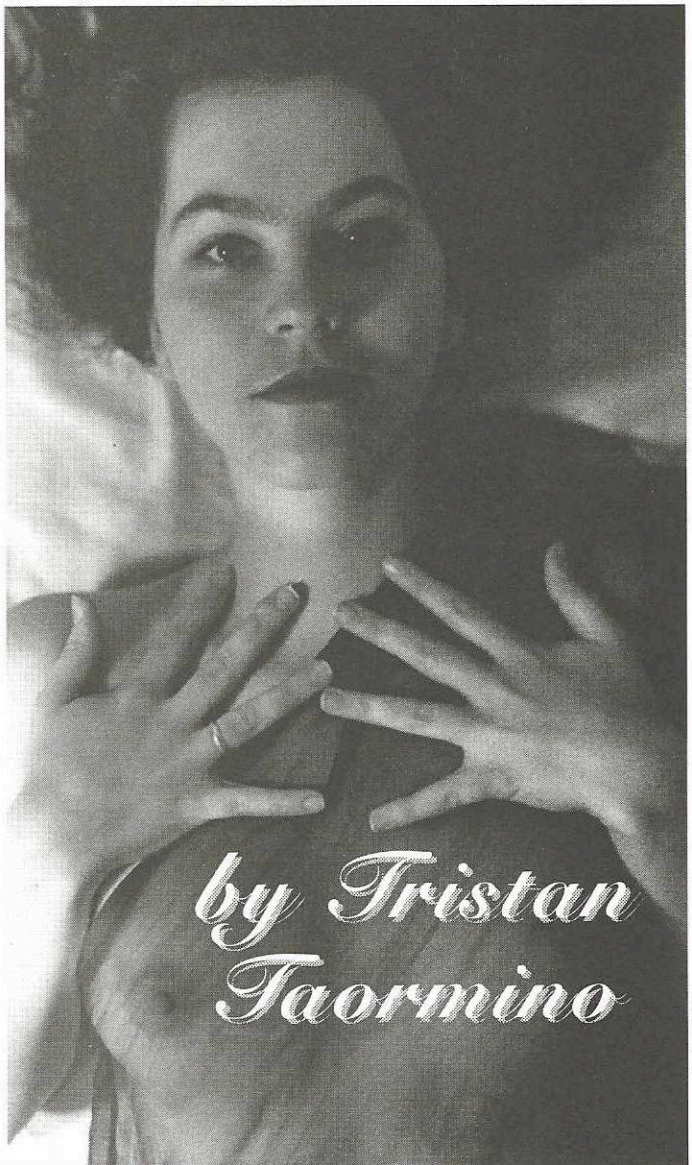
◆◆◆

The creak of the door, the jingle of keys and the glaring light roused me a little from my night-dream. I could hear the object of my dream—part memory, part fantasy—breathing in the bed next to mine. She certainly was a quiet flirt, never letting her guard down, never revealing too much of anything. I moved my hand down below the stiff blanket and reached under my satin panties. I slid my middle finger through my swollen cunt lips in one slick upward motion. I was dripping. For months, I had been so consumed by a very dark place which drained me emotionally, physically and sexually that my dampness startled me for a moment. It was good to feel my finger move up to my clit gently swirling

around my wetness, feeling my body respond to stimulation after so long. I began breathing heavier as I slid one finger inside my warm cunt which was beginning to open wider. I wanted more pressure on my clit, so I turned over on my stomach, pushing my ear against the pillow and blocking out all other noise except the sound of my own breathing. I pressed my fingers firmly against my swelling cunt, rubbing in a familiar rhythm I knew in my sleep.

I felt a presence standing over my bed. Rob quietly slid into my bed. I could feel her soft breasts and firm nipples on my back. Her naked body was broad and strong. She kissed the back of my neck gently, licked my ear. My heart raced and my clit hardened under my slippery fingers. She playfully tugged at my long hair as she lapped at my neck. She reached her arms around my body and pushed my t-shirt up. Her rough hands explored my skin tenderly and cautiously. But when she discovered the metal ring protruding from my now extremely taut nipple, her touch was rougher, less inhibited. I squealed. "Shhh...If you're very quiet, I'd like to make you come," she whispered, then she covered my mouth and tugged even harder on my nipple ring. The pain shot through my chest and directly to my pussy, but I held back the scream inside me. "Good girl," she said. Her hand moved away from my mouth and down to my other breast. She grabbed both my breasts, digging her nails into my soft flesh, and moaned as I felt her hips push into my ass.

She moved her lips from my neck to a patch of sensitive skin between my shoulder blades which she voraciously took between her teeth. As she bit down, her hips pressed harder into me. I felt her hand travel downward to explore my ass. She lubed her fingers with my cunt juices and rubbed the opening of my asshole, darting halfway in and then out again. Grabbing at the pillow, I struggled to turn toward her. I wanted to beg her to hold me down and fuck me to death.



P.J. D'Arcy

My movement startled her and she paused and pulled back for a moment. "Are you scared or do you want to wrestle?" she asked, kind of shyly. "Neither," I said. I flipped over on my back, spread my legs, shoved my middle finger deep inside my hungry pussy, then pushed it directly into her open mouth. I was hoping she got the picture, and the next thing I knew she pulled something from under my bed. It was a small plastic bag from which she drew a latex glove and a squished tube of KY. "Where did those come from?" "The hospital—I snuck them in for just such an occasion..." Coyly, she grinned—I think for the first time since I had met her—as she snapped on the rubber glove. She squeezed a blob of clear jelly into her gloved hand and then paused. "Are you sure about this. I mean is this okay...?" "I'm sure," I said, and I leaned up and kissed her hard. She pushed my shoulders firmly back down, and I spread my legs as my head fell back on the pillow.

She moved her hands up my legs until she reached my swollen pussy. She tugged at my pubic mound and teased my clit. She carefully slid a finger inside my soaking wetness. She pushed in and out slowly, then quickened her pace adding a second finger. My hips rocked with her plungings as her thumb pressed hard on my clit. Her tongue slid into my mouth as her fingers slid farther into my cunt. I bent my knees and opened my legs as wide as I could for her. She liked that, and pushed more fingers up my warm, dripping insides until I was full of the strong, fierce hand giving me ecstatic pleasure, a hand held onto her wrist with scars of pain. Her hands had touched too many things they did not desire. They liked where they were now, moving across my skin and inside me, searching and grasping for a path even farther inside. With her other hand, she pulled at my nipple ring and kissed the side of my face. I could feel her breathing in my ear. I held her face in my hands and kissed her fervently, begging her with my mouth and my tongue and my teeth to fill me up. I ran my hands down the length of her back, clawing at her soft, wet flesh. Her hand moved diligently and delicately way inside me, drawing out from my depths slippery juices and quietly uninhibited moans. My hips moved in rhythm with her hand's motion as I came closer and closer.

This was not how I imagined our encounter would be, not how it played itself out in my head at night. The locks keeping in her desire were always clearly visible to me, as obvious as the circular hallway outside our bedroom door. But the keys to unlock her mysteries were harder to find. I wanted so much to touch her, to arouse a wetness from between her firm legs and awaken in her the potent feelings she had drawn out of me. She needed to be touched, to be healed a little, to feel the tingle of pleasure between her legs that my mouth and hands could give her.

But instead, she was giving herself to me in a way I hadn't expected. She trusted me enough to take her painful past inside me. I wanted her to pull mine out. I was panting, writhing, letting her hand consume me for the moment, focusing on the way she stretched and filled me. Her course knuckles curled inside my wanting body until my starved cunt clenched around her fist, groping at it tightly. I came hard. I had closed my eyes so tightly, holding in the terror of this huge orgasm she had lead me to, but when tears ran down smooth cheeks, they ran down my neck as Rob buried her face in mine. I opened my eyes and kissed her ears, gently licking the tears. "Thank you," I whispered. She laughed quietly, and I thought I saw a spark of light, like a sudden metallic flash at the curved edge of a dull and tarnished key. Just for a moment, the key was in my grasp.

EVE FUND

erotic video education fund

The EVE Fund is a financial resource for women who are sexual with other women and who wish to produce erotic safer sex videos. The fund, a project sponsored by **Frameline**, is coordinated by a volunteer group of women involved in HIV prevention and education, journalism, public health, erotica, and medical and behaviorial research.

You can help support safer sex films/videos for women who are **sexual with other women** by making a donation to **The EVE Fund**. For any donation of over $50.00, we'll give you an EVE T-shirt.

Yes, I want to help support erotic safer sex films/videos for women. Here's my donation to **The EVE Fund:**

○ $35 ○ $50 ○ $75 ○ $100

Name:

Address:

Daytime Phone:

Your contribution is tax-deductable to the extent allowed by law. **The EVE Fund** c/o Frameline is a 501(c)3 nonprofit. Please send your donation to: **The EVE Fund, c/o Frameline, 346 Ninth Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.**

Call 415. 281-0292 for more information.

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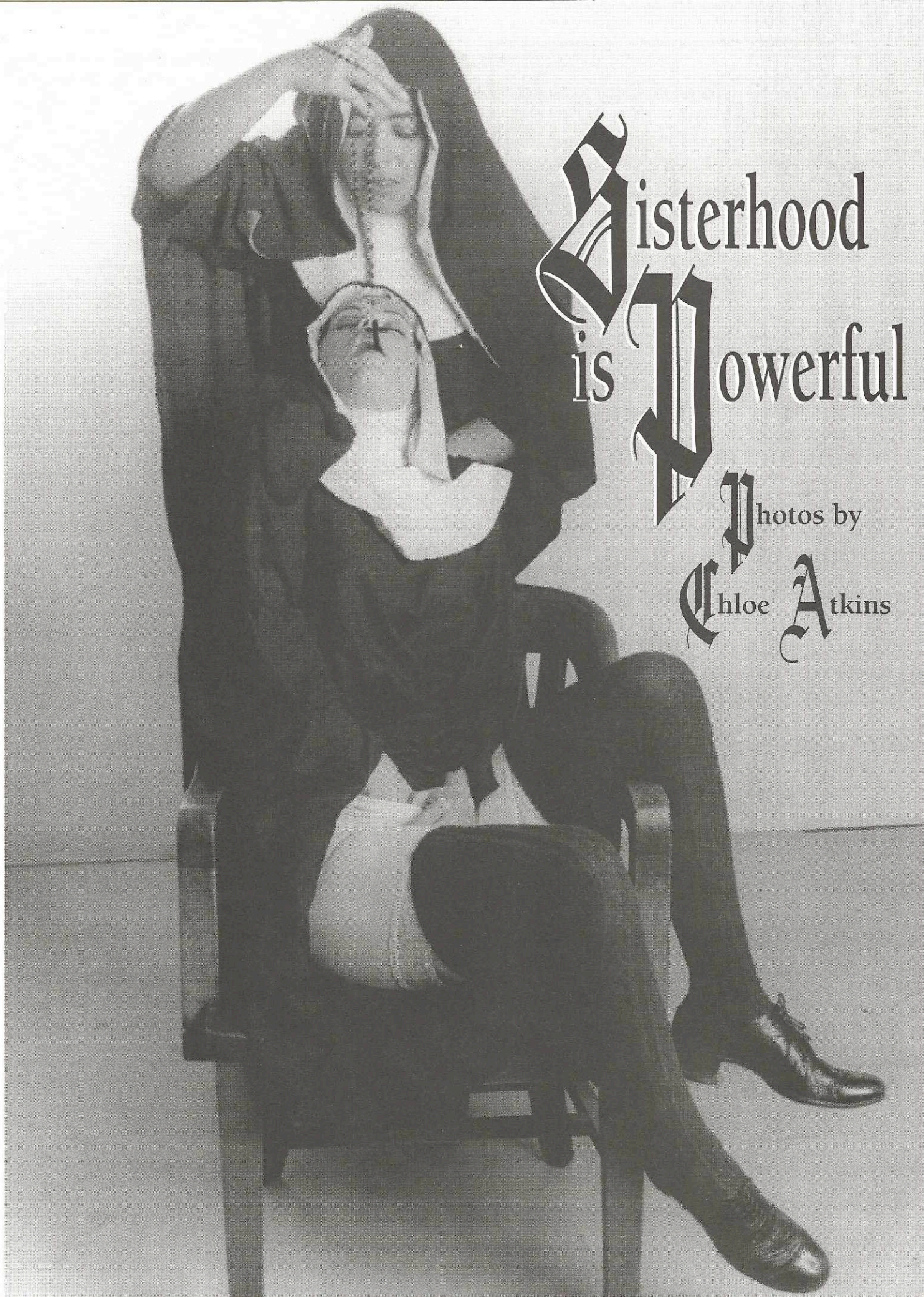
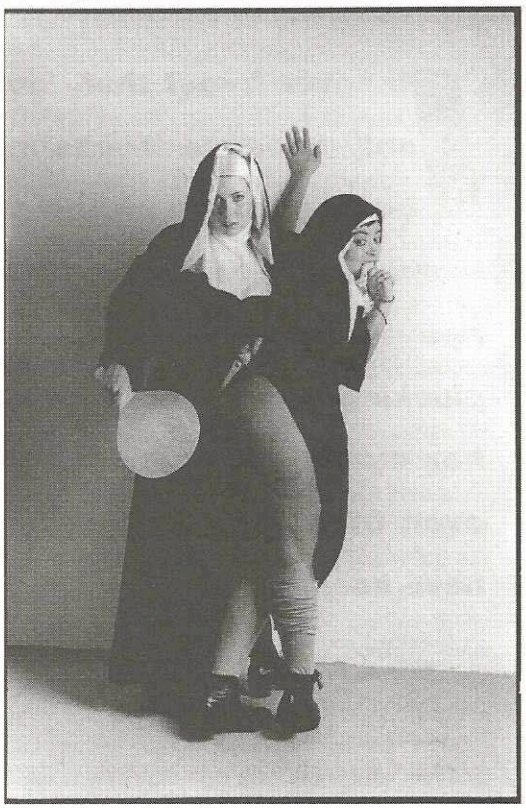


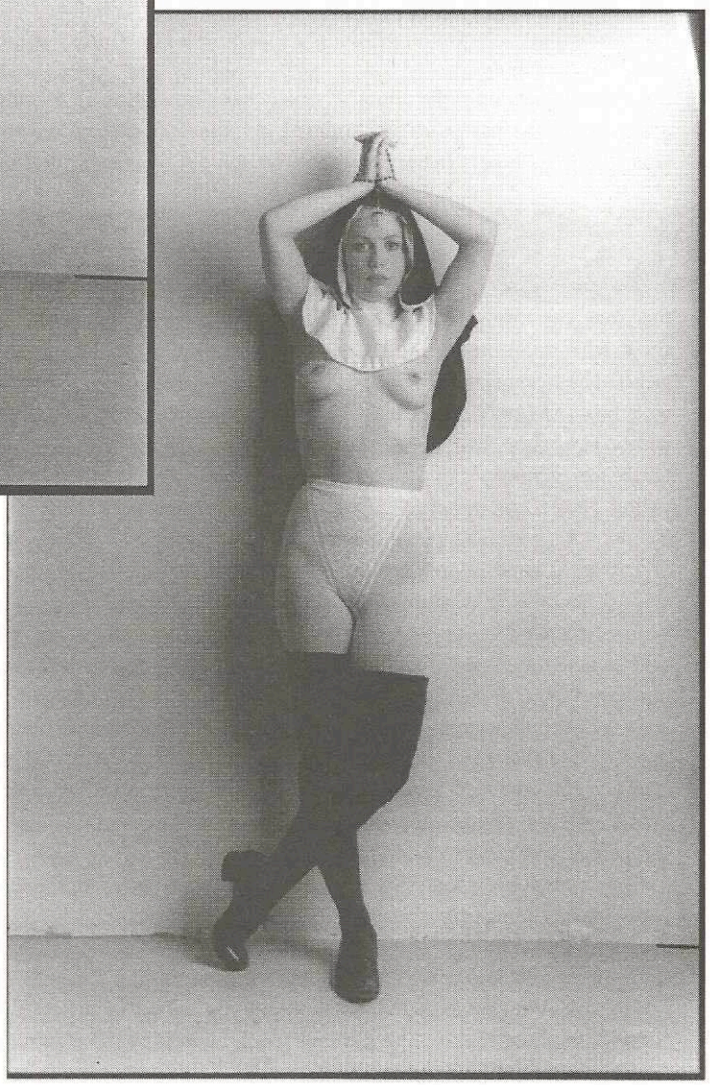
Sisterhood is Powerful

Photos by Chloe Atkins

What I wanted to be when I was nine years old. I really wanted to be a nun. The flying kind. Something about Sally Field seemed down right wholesome, if not down right wholly. Nine years was also about the time I was physically and emotionally a victim of incest. The Nuns were very beautiful to me in catechism. They didn't rap my knuckles with a ruler. In my child eyes, she, the nun, didn't have to deal with Sex. Whatever that was all about. She was married to God and I already loved God, the only true God. And I knew who that was. My comfort, my love, the one who knew all my secrets, my most intimate partner. Later, I was also to discover the Goddess. But God was found when I was still "innocent." So the belief is real. Like the image of the Son, I am the mother image of your sister. Like the sister of yesteryor or you yesterday. You reflected in a recognizable or untouched image. The dream you're afraid to remember. The Convent, processing the echoing walls of muffled moans. Shhh. Don't give me away. Spiritually ecstasy. And I dedicate this one to...

—Sister Mother-Theresa





I am wide awake. I am not sleeping. It is me, cloaked in all the black finery of a Catholic nun. My limbs fade into liquid as I realize the presence of another. She is willing to cross the line, and so I take her. I fill her with my soul and fuck her with pureness. I love her with all that I am from the inside. Together we witness divinity...If I close my eyes, wiggle my clit and click my heels three times, maybe all of my dreams will come true.

—Sister Saphistry

I'll never forget that, 'mmh, yes,' not only because it was my first time, but because of the woman, the women who took me. She said I was ripe, perhaps too ripe, and ready for the plucking. Even those words rolled out of her mouth in shrill laughter. I wasn't even frightened, but perhaps, I should have been.

I yearned and mourned when I didn't have it. I kept going back. I was driven and drawn. Not out of control, but complete and total control. Passion, desire compelled me. Maybe it was the sound of her voice. Maybe her laugh. The way it shrilled, especially when I told her I was a virgin and wanted a woman to be my first. It started out a low rumble and with the tilt of her head it became a high pitch roar. Looking at her face you would never expect anything so powerful to come out. A cacophonous and mournful cry. Maybe that is why I yearned, and kept going back for more.

I watched her enter the dimly lit, smoky bar. She walked up the stairs and went to the bartender and ordered red wine. As she walked to a table I noticed how soft her face was. Too soft for a man, but features

that were extraordinarily epicene. She wore a suit. A white shirt, high collar with small buttons and lace ruffles that butterflied out over her jacket. The jacket was large, oversized perhaps. Baggy pants. A hat with a wide brim. She took off her hat and set it on the table. Took a sip of her wine. Dark, short hair, thin bangs that lay on her forehead. Her lips, blush, wet, glimmered in the dim light. Small plum lips. I could not stop gazing. Drawn and driven. Big dark eyes, pale face, dark slim eyebrows. Slender, long nose. She would make a great pretty boy.

I think I dared myself. No one else to do it. I think I had enough courage to take on anything. I walked or maybe tripped over to her table. She smiled as she took another sip. " Watch your step," she said encouraging me. Except I could not think of anything intelligent to say. I just stared into her eyes. She broke the silence for me. " Do you want to fuck me?" she whispered. Even more speechless, I looked away blushing, "*mmh, yes*," I thought. "Well, sure," I finally managed to get it out. "Of course... you'll have to pay." she said with this big grin on her face. I thought she was joking and went along with it. "Oh, how much?" I said. "Probably a price you couldn't afford." she snickered. "Oh, come on, really. How much? " I said. "Well, we do have bargain prices for virgins." I laughed and I must have missed the "we" because that becomes apparent later, but backing up... *virgins*? I thought, how did she know. Then it really hit me, she was really serious about the money! "O.K.., yeah, well, I only have about fifty dollars, but how did you know?" I said. "Mmh, just a sense. But since it's your first time it will be free. Deal?" she said as she held out her hand. "Deal" I said softly, still in shock. Then I noticed the ring.

A crow made out of silver with ruby eyes on her pinkie. But then again with the dim lights and pink neon perhaps they were not ruby at all.

So she emptied her glass in one gulp, put her hat on, took my hand and led me out. She drove us to her place. She pulled up to an old Victorian. We went inside and up the stairs. The flat was on the third floor. As we entered there was a strange smell. Something dead. Withered roses. She asked me if I wanted a drink and I said yes. But then I heard a noise. A door down the hall opened and a woman I could barely make out at the time stood in the doorway and peered at me. She didn't say a word, and before I could say anything the first woman I met grabbed my hand and said, "We only have wine." I said that would be fine and followed her into the room. It was fairly large, three windows with a view of the street. She lit candles. I wondered if this was her bedroom since there was only a bed, and a table. On the fireplace mantel were candles. On the table flowers; some withered, a pitcher of wine, and a few goblets. As she handed me a goblet I finally spoke. "Do you do this often - I mean, do you make a living out of this?" I stammered. Then there was that laugh, "Why of course!" she finally said, "but don't worry we're nicest to those who have never ventured and to those who dare." *Would I be safe, mmh, yes*...I thought. But I don't remember much of what happened after that, and you would think I would remember the first time. I have this image that I took a drink of the wine, wine that tasted like berries, and smelled bitter. Reminded me of blood. I remember her removing my clothes and putting me on the bed, I think my head was spinning. She kissed me on the lips, tasted of berries. The other woman entered. I shouldn't even refer to her as the other woman, because I swear they were almost one in the same, I mean, they looked exactly alike. And their names...Katya, is the woman I approached at the bar. And the woman I met at the flat is Katerina. Like I said, they both have the same features. They could be twins or sisters. Except Katerina is hardly pale, she has reddish-brown skin, and her head is shaved clean. They both have the most amazing eyes. Hollow. Thick, dark, long lashes. I remember sipping the wine studying their faces and I asked Katya if they were sisters and she giggled this time. "Well, I suppose in a sense." "What do you mean?" I said. "Well, yeah—in spirit. Why?" she asked. "Well, you both look so much alike, the resemblance is amazing." "Well, you know... of the same blood, soul, spirit - it's all the same." she whispered. "Yeah," my voice rising excitingly, "but you two, it's so incestuous, I mean." "Yeah, your community, the dyke community, how incestuous are they?" she smiled. "Uh-huh, so I hear, you do have a point there!" I laughed. "Now drink!" she said raising her goblet, "to passion, lust, lasciviousness." And there was that laugh again. Eerie. She drank it in one schluck. I tasted mine hesitantly, wondering... And then I remember it was the kiss, "*mmh, yes*. I felt my body go hot, blushing I put my hand to her face. I kissed her again, tongue in her mouth searching. She removed my clothes, and only removed her shirt. Her breasts, small, pink hard nipples with silver rings pierced through both. There was the crow again. It was tattooed over her left breast, wings spread with ruby eyes, and what looked like red tear drops seeping from it's mouth. I bent down, sucked on her nipple, bit down. She pulled my head up and pushed me on the bed. I was taken away. The last thing I remember is my cunt feeling as if it had

Pictured above: Crimson Lust *author , Troi*

removed her shirt, and then I saw the tattoo on her left shoulder blade. A serpent swallowing its own tail. Katerina removed the woman's dress. She pulled it up over her head admiring the woman's taut breasts and a well carved rib cage. The woman was rather petite so Katerina was able to pick her up and place her on the bed. She seemed to be so gentle with this woman. Black lace, the woman had on black lace underwear. She was about to remove them, but Katerina grabbed her hand saying, "I'll take care of that." She reached under the bed and pulled out a knife and slit both sides of the woman's underwear. I jumped, but the woman lay there, flushed. Katerina straddled her thighs over the woman and took one of the woman's wrists. *Restraints?* Katerina pulled the restraints from behind the bed that were linked to a chain and strapped them around the woman's wrists. I don't remember that, but it would explain the soreness and light bruises on my wrists. Katerina then lay down beside the woman and put her hand between the woman's legs, parting them. The woman moaned. Katerina pressed her thumb against the woman's clit and inserted two fingers into her cunt. The woman bent her knees and closed her legs around Katerina's hand, as if she wanted to envelop it. I thought the woman was doing this on her own, but Katerina was whispering to her. I finally made out what Katerina whispered, "See if you can take my hand. You want it, then you must take..." but then Katya appeared. I almost forgot she was there. She knelt down between the woman's legs and grabbed the hair on her mound. I breathed in deep, holding my breath. The woman's pelvis rose. Katya removed her hand then slid her finger down to her labia, "She is wet." Katya said. "Not yet!" darted Katerina. Katerina kissed the woman's mouth parting her lips with her tongue. The woman lifted her chin as if trying to take Katerina's tongue. As Katerina was kissing her, Katya inserted a few fingers into the woman's cunt, the woman yanked on the restraints. And then there it was, crimson lust. Not from the kiss, but the clarity of red enveloped me as I saw Katerina sucking on the woman's neck, and then Katya's fist inside the woman's cunt, and then Katerina biting down on the woman's

CRIMSON LUST by troi CRIMSON LUST by troi CRIMSON LUST by troi

been sucked and devoured. Or maybe it was my neck. They both ached in the same way the next morning. And on my neck was this purple bruise. O.K. *you* probably laugh. I should be able to tell the difference between the taking of my cunt and the sucking of my neck. That's just it... I left the next morning without looking for them. I didn't think to check the other rooms, the house seemed too quiet, somehow void of something in the day light.

As the day went on and night approached I still didn't remember much and I felt different. I hungered for something, but I couldn't quite figure out what. So I went to their flat and Katerina let me in. I asked if I could watch them at work. Katerina took me by the hand and led me to the room. Katya was there lighting a candle with a goblet in her hand. "Katya," Katerina said in a husky voice, "the lady wants to observe us while we're at work. What do you think?" She had this piquant grin on her face, the same as Katya. I explained to Katya that I don't remember much of what happened and I thought maybe..."You little voyeur," Katya shrilled. "O.K., just this once," she said coming close to me, "but you must also participate." she said as she put her hand to my face. I could not turn my head from her sleek smile and brilliant eyes. "I, I" Stammering, "O.K." I agreed but still was not sure.

An hour later a woman showed up with Katerina. I sat near the table staring at the goblet of wine refusing to drink. Katerina seemed to be the one leading. She handed the woman a goblet filled with wine. The woman seemed a bit timid. *Fuck, was that me,* I pondered. Katerina neck. The cry, the crimson cry from the woman drove me into red. I remembered. I saw it. I heard my screams. My wrists were also restrained, pulled back in a "V." Katya lay beside me, tracing my lips with her tongue then thrusting her tongue deeply into my mouth. At the same time Katerina sucked on my clit, she started out softly, then the pressure increased and I wanted to grab her head, not because I wanted her to stop, no... on the contrary, I did not want her to stop. Katya looked up as I pulled on the restraints and asked if it hurt. I looked at her as if pleading and said "I want it to hurt." She shrilled again. "You're too ripe to know what hurts!" She laughed then looked at Katerina. Katerina sat up and knelt down between my legs. Katya moved behind my head and rested my head on her lap. She began to rub my throat, my neck. She then moved my chin up so I was looking up at her. She had that grin on her face as she was rubbing my neck. Katerina was rubbing my labia, feeling the wetness, inserting a finger and removing it. And then they both looked at each other, piquant grins, as if they knew. As Katerina began to insert her hand into my cunt, Katya told me to close my eyes and relax. I tried to listen to my breathing and tried not to squeeze or tighten my muscles, but I wanted to pull her fist in. Katerina moved her hand slowly at first, but within seconds there was this blow, a thrust. My scream and Katya's voice, "yes, Katerina, faster and harder," I heard her say. As Katerina thrust her fist back and forth, Katya moved so she was straddled over my chest. She tilted my chin back towards the wall and

Continued from page 43

Bodywatch continued from page 7

tant rule for lesbians is Look Before You Lick If your lips or genitals look unhealthy, avoid oral sex. Using latex dams or plastic wrap barriers for cunnilingus can make oral sex safer.

Yeast infections, chlamydia, hepatitis, herpes, HIV, gonorrhea, syphilis, and Human Papilloma Virus (HPV, also known as venerial warts) could all possibly be spread by moving a finger or sex toy from one woman's vagina or rectum to another orifice. So washing hands and sex toys, or changing to a new glove or condom, is essential when moving from vagina to vagina, or rectum to vagina. (Washing with soap and water kills HIV and other STD's.)

Anal bacteria can be moved towards the vagina during ass play, especially if the person getting "done" is on her belly. These bacteria can then travel up the urethra and into the bladder, causing a bladder infection. Urinating after sex can help prevent painful bladder infections.

Pubic lice ("crabs") can be spread by vulva-to-vulva contact. This is another reason to stroke, admire, and examine that bush early on in sex play.

Awareness of STD's, including HIV, is just one small part of looking out for lesbian health. If each of us vowed to add a thorough breast exam to our personal routine, and to our sexual repertoire, it might do more to insure lesbian community health than all our efforts at STD and HIV prevention! As *The Complete Guide to Safer Sex* explains, lesbians have long been known to have a lower incidence of all STD's, probably because semen is not involved in lesbian sex play.

Whatever efforts we make, we should congratulate ourselves for being on the path towards safer sex. And then we can start to think of other possible precautions: wash our hands, file our nails, latex gloves, Nonoxynol-9, latex dams, look at our lips, and so on. We can consider our personal preferences: some women are allergic to N-9, some are sensitive to latex, and some are irritated by the ingredients of various lubes. Don't be deterred. There are many options for safer sex. We need not curtail our sex lives out of fear.

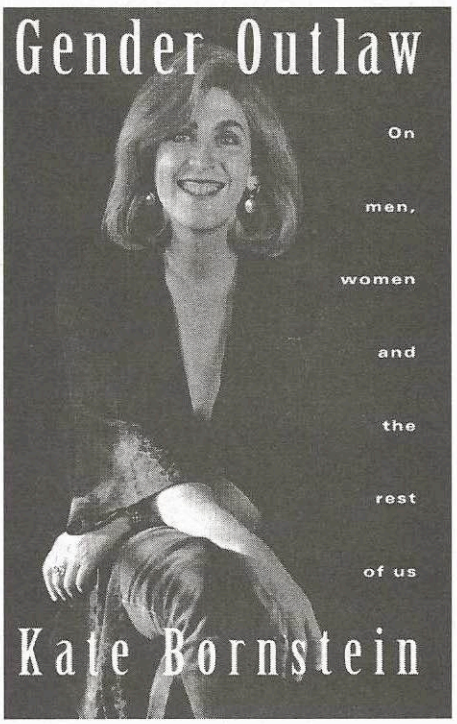
For copies of 10 scientific articles from 1986-94 on lesbians and HIV, send $5.00 to cover postage and copying to: Marcia Munson, P. O. Box 40666, San Francisco CA 94140.

On Our Backs *would like to remind readers that relying solely on scientific research to make important decisions about our bodies may be unwise. We are eager to feature more voices from the front. We are particularly interested in giving recognition to stories that the research community has yet to acknowledge. Let's not wait for the government to take care of us. Let's take care of each other. —Ed.*

REVIEWS

GENDER OUTLAW

by Kate Bornstein
Routledge Press 1994
Reviewed by Antonia Clay



Kate Bornstein successfully tweaks you, by asking questions like: have you ever been attracted to someone and not known their gender? And if you were, what does that make you? "We don't have to know someone's age. Their race may be somewhat indistinct, and we might be mildly curious. We may look at someone and think, are they gay or straight, but we don't have to know. We can wonder. Yet we insist...that a person be one gender or the other and we remain unsettled until we assign one gender or the other."

Bornstein has put together an exceptional group of essays, thoughts and reflections which won't tell you how to decide gender, but why not to decide. Even if you are fairly certain that you can, in fact, tell yours or another's gender, Bornstein questions how you arrived at this assumption, and why, as a culture, we are so pathetically obsessed by locating and attributing gender. For Bornstein there are no truths to be found in the I'll-show-you-mine-if-you-show-me-yours male vs. female mainstream mentality. Her qualifications? As a transgender person and activist, Bornstein discovers many ends to the gender equation. She muses, "The very first task that Psyche had to accomplish in her search to be reunited with her lover, Eros, was to sort by type, a roomful of seeds. According to the myth these seeds covered the floor, and rose to nearly the ceiling. I spent the first thirty years of my life sorting out the cultural seeds of gender and sexuality." Despite the classic reference, Kate Bornstein is Thoroughly Modern (Millie). True to form, with her handle, OutlawGal, Bornstein invites readers to continue the conversation with her on line.

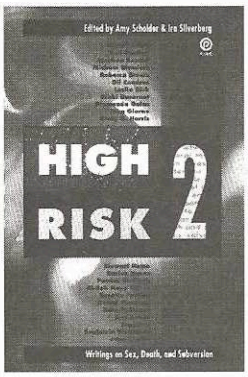
Gender Outlaw is written in a readable and post modern "patchwork" style which the author muses is perhaps indicative of a transgendered experience. With witty excerpts from interviews and other personal experiences, Bornstein examines the roots of gender definition as a necessary base for class oppression and weaves in discussions about the medicalization of gender (meaning you can't figure out "who" you are because someone has told you at birth "what" you are), the role of pop culture and where theater fits into all of this. In fact, Bornstein includes her play *Hidden A Gender* as a bonus, complete with stage directions as few of us were lucky enough to get to see it performed.

Bornstein sometimes repeats her ideas and, for the most part, stays safely within the limits of Western gender structures by only hinting at non-Western ideas about gender. To her credit, she doesn't merrily attempt to point to some ancient culture for us to find our way back to gender equity. Bornstein asks why we struggle against antiquated concepts about gender, sex, and sexuality when harmony may lie in abandoning the structure of gender altogether. And if there's anyone charismatic enough to get us to consider such radical concepts, it's Bornstein.

HIGH RISK 2: WRITINGS ON SEX, DEATH, AND SUBVERSION

Edited by Amy Scholder and Ira Silverberg, Plume, $10.95
Reviewed by Katherine Gleason

The first *High Risk*, which appeared in 1991, marked a milestone in the battle against censorship. That collection included transgressive work—Pat Califia on shooting up, Cookie Muller describing the habits of a pee hag, and Bob Flanagan on being a "supermasochist."



The present volume seems tamer. Much of the work in High Risk 2 centers around death. So much death is around us—in our lives, in the news, at the movies—that these stories, while they do contain much that isn't mainstream, don't seem unusual. Leslie Dick, however, does contribute an affecting piece about witnessing a suicide.

On the sexual perversion front, John Wynne offers insights on a teenage rapist, while Suzette Partido describes a sweet fantasy. In her "A to Bee (And Back Again)" the young protagonist not only is fascinated by the undergarments of nuns, but revels in the imaginary, sensuous company of the Andy Griffith Show's Aunt Bea.

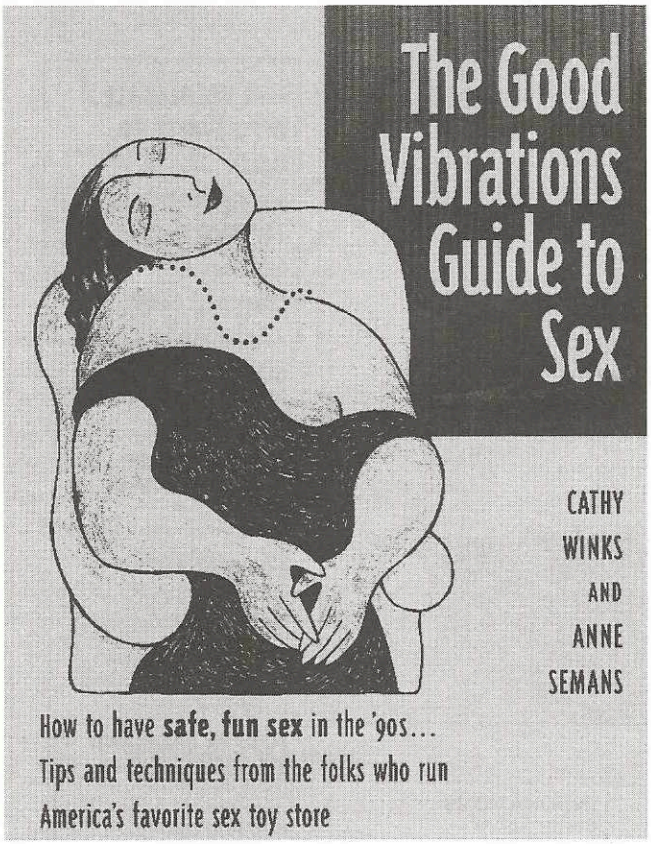
In Stephen Beachy's Hunters/Gatherers, a beautifully written piece in eleven short segments, a young hustler does business and dreams of demolition. "I wanna blow up buildings because the destruction of property excites me sexually," he tells a trick.

Michael Blumlein's "Best-Seller" is probably the eeriest story of the volume. Written in diary form, the protagonist, a novelist, becomes a living organ donor to an ailing millionaire. "...each time they take part of my body, my sexuality becomes heightened. The toes were taken a week and a half ago, and since then I've been in a state of constant erection, having wet dreams nearly every night."

High Risk 2, while it does contain some gems, lacks the sparkle, the wantonness, and the celebration of desire that made the first volume such a joy. In the midst of the second decade of the AIDS crisis, perhaps this comes as no surprise.

THE GOOD VIBRATIONS GUIDE TO SEX

By Cathy Winks and Anne Semans
San Francisco: Cleis Press, 1994, $16.95
Reviewed by Holly Willis


The Good Vibrations Guide to Sex
CATHY WINKS AND ANNE SEMANS
How to have safe, fun sex in the '90s...
Tips and techniques from the folks who run America's favorite sex toy store

For many of us, sex guides are handiest when we're 12 or 13—we glean the basic anatomy lessons and pick up a tip or two on techniques for future partners. Often, however, we are left to wonder how our "deviant" fantasies, desires, and secret pleasures fit into the narrow parameters of the text. A new generation of sex-positive writers have changed this tradition, writing material that both appeals to older readers and handles sexuality within a much broader spectrum. *The Good Vibrations Guide to Sex* by Cathy Winks and Anne Semans most definitely exemplifies this new trend.

Building on the positive attitude that helps sell sex toys (Good Vibrations is a San Francisco-based source for an array of such devices), as well as on the very real questions asked daily at the store, Winks and Semans have put together an extremely informative guide for the novice and the pro alike. They have also ignored the type of thinking that dictates many other manuals, thinking that only acknowledges young, skinny, straight white people, for example. Their guide endorses variety (and in deference to this variety, there are many "types" of people depicted in the drawn illustrations). The ruling principle in this particular guide, then, is inclusion rather than exclusion, and the emphasis is on safety, diversity, playful experimentation, and of course, sex toys.

Indeed, perhaps one of the most unusual things about the *Guide* is the emphasis placed on toys. While skeptics may read this section merely as blatant and clever marketing, Winks and Semans deserve ample credit for ably describing so many different types of toys, and doing so with candor. In describing double dildos, for example, they suggest experimenting with an inexpensive one first, noting that "although they have a certain fantasy value, double dildos just aren't all they're cracked up to be." They are equally straightforward with other items, fully explaining dildo harnesses, for example, for which they also offer tips and tricks, and a quick survey of legal restrictions in certain states.

The Good Vibrations Guide to Sex is an excellent all-around guide, incorporating attitudes of diversity and excitement, and a wealth of information and suggestions for further research,

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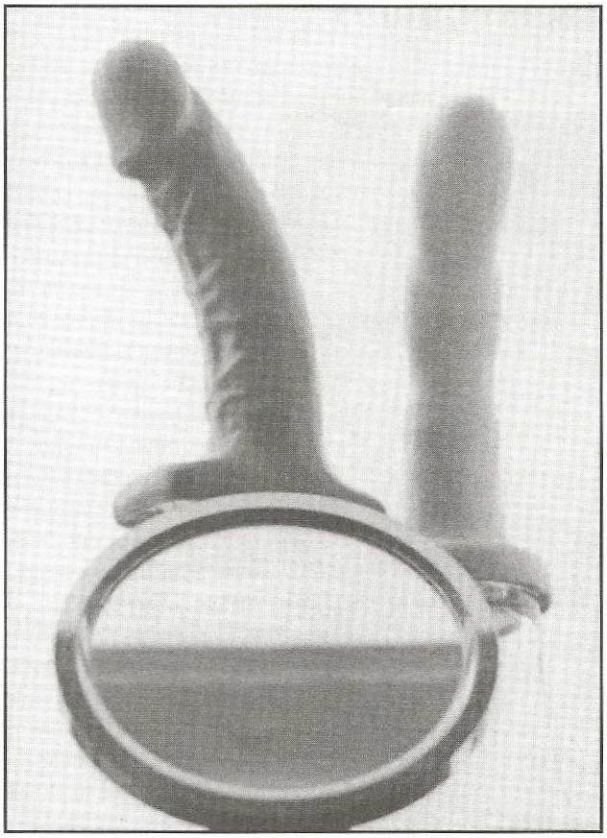

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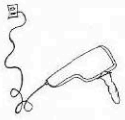
Re-hydrate that Lube!

Even the most expensive lube gets "tacky" after a while. Save money and time by simply reaching for a small spray bottle, placed conveniently nearby, and spritz the area down as needed. Yeah, watersports for vanilla girls!

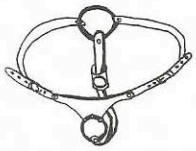
Stick What to What?

Did your vibrator come with a suction cup attachment? Do you know where you put it? Well go look right now, because it will turn your ordinary dildo into a vibrating joystick of delight. Any toy with a flat base should work. Silcone dildos transmit the vibration best. If you attach something you plan to stick up your butt, be sure it has a nice wide flange so it won't accidently slip in. Losing control is one thing...



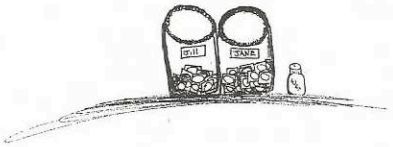
One for Me, One for You

Did you know that you could be penetrated by a dildo at the same time that you are fucking your sweetie? Well, ya can. See, there's this thing called the "cuff" that comes with some of the harnesses that Good Vibrations sells. It's a leather loop with a hole in the middle that wraps around the harness straps going between your legs, holding the dildo of your choosing inside you. It works best with the g-string style harness, although the jock strap, around the thighs, type can be adapted for some body types. To get a catalogue just call 1-800-BUY VIBE and double your pleasure.



Yours, Mine, Not Ours

Here are the rules: each player selects her own condom color to go on toys placed inside her. That way, toys that go in your cunt or anus will not accidently find their way inside a partners body. Do remember, anything that goes in an anus needs a new condom before it can go in any other hole. And do remember your color. Why not pick the color you like and buy a supply of condoms in that color so you will always be prepared? It can be your signature color.



Oh no, not the Neurowheel!

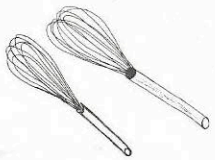
There's a little pinwheel tool, designed to check for nerve damage, that your chiropractor may have. Or your local fetish supply store. It's like a mini pizza cutter, only the wheel has sharp, pin-like spikes that roll gently or harshly against the skin, creating sensations ranging from a light backscratch to the intensity of candle wax dripped from close range. If you're tired of waxy build-up, you may want to go to the trouble of tracking down one of these gadgets. Stormy Leather in San Francisco carries these menacing little implements for $21.95. If you're on good terms with a medical professional, they can be ordered via medical supply businesses for about half that cost.

Oh Yes! The Woolly Duster

Natural lamb's wool dusters, found in yuppie home supply emporiums, are delightful little implements to torture a babe in bondage, or soothe prickly flesh after a session with the neurowheel. Rubbed vigorously between quivering thighs, it provides a nice change of pace from a dangling phallus or probing finger. And, since it's a natural material, it will wash up nicely and last for years. Oh, if you decide to insert the dowel rod end in any slippery holes, be sure to reach for a condom to wrap that rod.

Whisk Me Harder, Mistress!

If you can lay your hands on a metal whisk, about six inches long, with a hollow, stainless steel handle, you have the sex toy equivalent of a tuning fork. Placing the hollow metal rod lightly against the vulva and gently thumping the wire bulb end lightly with thumb and forefinger creates a vibration as strong as most battery vibrators. Think of the portability! Think of the savings on batteries!



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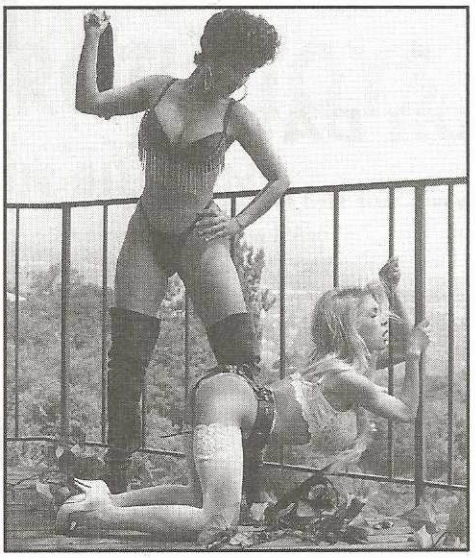

Susan Stryker continued from page 21

to my differences from other women and painfully aware of my marginalization in women's spaces. Yet now I hungered for the camera. I wanted it to confer upon the process of my transformation a mantle of visual realism that had always eluded me. I wanted to be visible during transition for political purposes, wanted to document the fluidity of the body as well as the versatility and durability of the category "woman." So far, Loren Cameron is the only photographer familiar enough with the nuances of transgender desire and transsexual embodiment to do the kind of work I wanted to be part of.

Whenever I can safely distance myself from their crueler edges, the responses of nontranssexuals to the transsexual body are an endless source of fascination for me. I'm most intrigued when people want to hold up transsexuals as figures promising some kind of liberation from the oppressions of gender and then blame us for not following through—as if we ever said anything about escaping from gender by changing our bodies. Living with gender, not living without it, is what transsexuality is about for me. The sense I get from trying to understand nontranssexuals is that gender is pretty uncomfortable for a lot of them, too, and that they get pissed off when we don't offer a way out they've been looking for but haven't found. They start accusing us of perpetrating gender stereotypes, or of being unthinking gender conformists, or of failing to properly subvert the gender system. And all the while, they're blind to the ways they use those very same styles, postures, props, gestures, clothes, those same forms of the body or textures of the flesh or inflections of the voice to communicate who they think they are to the people around them. Transsexuality simply makes the conventions of gender more visible by letting us separate them from the body, just as it's sometimes easier to grasp the grammar of a sentence if you diagram it without the words. Transsexuality is not a political practice in and of itself any more than lesbianism is.

I'm tired of being a scapegoat for the gender trouble of everybody else. Ask yourself—why do you look when we transsexuals make spectacles of ourselves? Is it the curiosity of the freak show, the same voyeuristic desire mixed with dread and titilation that makes you scan the asphalt for gobs of red as you drive slowly past the accident scene? Or is it some fantasy of transcending material limits to behold the sex of angels? And ask yourself, too, what is it that you see. Monsters, mutants, cyborgs, perverts, exotic objects of queer lust? Or just men and women by other means?

Publisher's Statement continued from page 5

What do these words mean? And why do we so often deny these labels, yet listen intensely for any parts that ring true to our experiences? I came away from that discussion feeling how hungry we all were to have a more sophisticated language with which to tell our stories.

Dorothy Allison says we need to tell our stories because stories are acts of resistence. We need to tell our sexual stories and complicate the status quo of lesbian sex. It's no longer enough to say butch or femme. The 90's have heralded vibrant discussions about sex and gender, each a separate and rich topic in itself. How we pursue pleasure may be helped or hindered by how we see ourselves in the mirror, and in the mirror of the world at large.

What better common ground to begin our explorations than the terrain of the libido? Though our stories are so very different, much more complex than our current sexual language can describe, we do share a hunger for pleasure, desire, humor: sexual expression.

This is where you, our readers, come in. While our discussions will become more complex, we'll also hopefully laugh at ourselves, find sex acts that turn us on and make them ours, challenge the boundaries of the porn that we do produce, bring more soul to our sexual discussions, and flirt, sass, and roll around in the raunch as we tell our stories.

The pages of *On Our Backs* offer us a place to play. And together, we can play an important role in the next ten years of lesbian sexual expression.

Transsexuals continued from page 23

generation than me and I see it as throwing up a white flag. I had a job for a couple of years where I worked as a man. It's easier for me to use the men's bathroom, but I'm not trying to be a man. Five FTMs I know haven't turned twenty-five.'

Jordy Jones feels it's unfortunate that some lesbians think s/he/it's reinforcing gender systems. 'It's important for me to be out because I'm not coming from the clinical place a lot of TS come from, who believe in an essence of man. I'm a she/he/it. I've always been gender inappropriate and there isn't an appropriate pronoun for me. I am disrupting gender polarities and if we could talk, we'd see we're working towards the same goal. There are real enemies out there who don't know the difference between one kind of pervert and another.

[This is an abridged version of an article which first appeared in Attitude *Magazine Vol. 1 No. 3.]*

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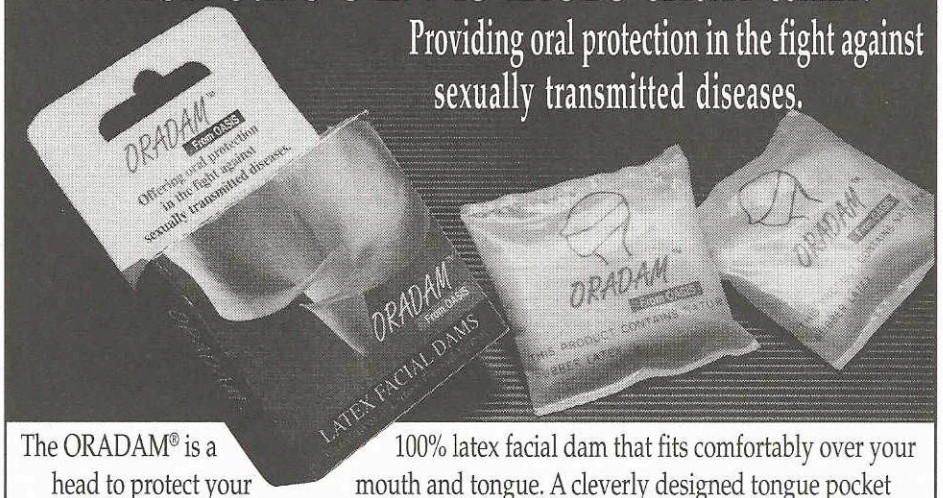

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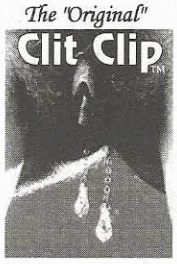

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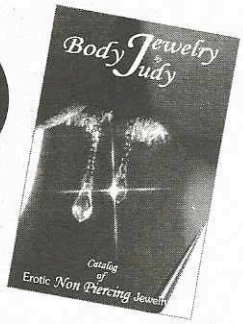

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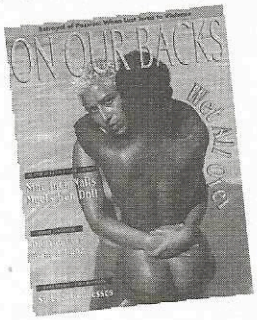

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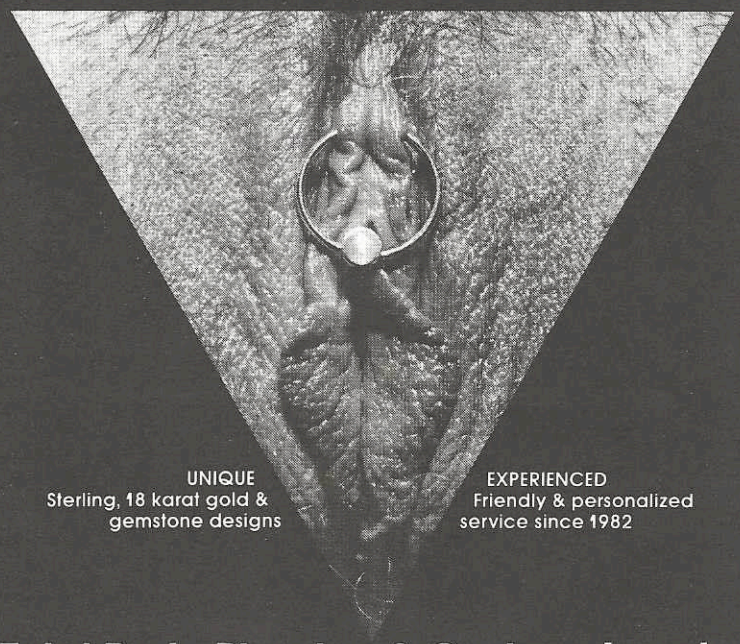

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The Wet Spot continued from page 13

becomes sorting through this pile until the combined pieces of paper, feelings, and words come to represent one's own sexuality, desires and sexual expression. This can be quite a task. How many times have I had to remind myself aloud that the woman with her face between my legs, or her body pressed into my back is my lover and not my father? More times than I'm even interested in counting, that's for sure. For many survivors sex brings up the experiences of abuse more quickly than most any other situation.

A friend of mine put it well recently, when she described incest as someone sexualizing a child before she has the chance to grow into her own expression and urges. This lack of sexual development on one's own time, combined with the deep breaking of trust and sense of safety in the world can be devastating. What continues to amaze me, however, is the persistence and power of sex. One would wonder why any survivor of sexual abuse would ever want to have sex again, but most of us do. We want to (and do) romp and fuck and tease and explore sexually, healing ourselves along the way. One of my greatest feelings of success can come after a good bout of sexing, when I realize they (my perpetrators) did not win, they didn't get me, they didn't break me. I get to enjoy my sex, pleasure and body on my own terms.

Perhaps I shouldn't be surprised by the distance between the sex positive and the incest healing communities. The sex positive movement has had to battle so hard to validate sex, that dealing with the ways in which sex has been used as a tool of abuse and oppression can threaten that important agenda. As any queer who's feared the label of child molester knows, conservatives have repeatedly linked the sex radical agenda to child sexual abuse to discredit the sex positive movement. Conversely, the discussion of sex becomes difficult in the incest and healing communities because sex was the instrument of abuse. The combination of little access to sex positive information and a history of abuse can lead an abuse survivor to inadvertently play into the sex negativity of the culture at large. I think that talking about the links between systemic issues of sex negativity and the sexual abuse of children can give us essential insights into the dismantling of both.

I look forward to musing with you on such topics as being the partner of a sexual abuse survivor, SM, fantasies and consensuality, to name just a few. I welcome hearing about the discussions you are having concerning these issues or the ones you'd like to see on these pages. Please write to me at *On Our Backs*. Be well and enjoy the erotic.

Crimson Lust continued from page 35

began to suck on my neck. My head was spinning from the ache and desire I felt in my cunt. The more Katerina thrust her fist the harder Katya sucked on my neck. And I heard screams again, crimson screams over and over, my screams. I was saying "Stop,.....no, I was saying don't stop! Take me. Don't stop!" And I thought, "Her hand, her fist, *mmh, yes*. And I felt her hand in me, thrust, "once," thrust, "yes," thrust, "uhh," thrust, "uhh," and my moans got louder, and my screams cacophonous with each thrust. I shook my head to be sure of what I remembered and finally, I saw Katya biting down on my neck and Katerina and Katya cutting themselves and telling me to suck.

I looked up and the woman was still on the bed. Katerina freed her wrists, and as Katya moved towards me, "Now do you want to try?" she smiled. "No." I said in a daze. She pulled me up from the chair close to her. I felt her breath on my lips, she smelled sweet. She wrapped both her hands on my face so I had to look into her dark eyes. She kissed my lips, softly. "You will desire, you will yearn and mourn, and you will want!" she whispered. I shook my head confused. The desire, the ache I had been feeling was hunger, and in that moment I also realized what she always knew of me. I did not choose her, she chose me. I went back to the bar the next night. Katerina and Katya asked me to move in with them, gave me my own room and said I could work with them. So I went back to nourish my desire. I climbed the stairs of the bar and everything seemed different. Women's eyes were upon me. I didn't think I looked any different. Still tall, slender. Still the same long black wavy hair, still the same blue eyes. I reached the bar and ordered a wine. The bartender smiled. Then I thought, well maybe something was different. Katya said that my face was paler and there were two moles on my left cheek. I took my wine, went to a table and sat down.

A woman came over and asked if she could sit at the table. I nodded, but she kept staring as she smoked a cigarette. So I tried it, the line. "Do you want to fuck me?" I said. She smiled, large eyes glistened. "Why, bold aren't we? I suppose you will also tell me I have to pay for it?" "Why, yes!" I continued confidently, "but we do have bargain prices for virgins!" She giggled and something else hit me. Katya wasn't laughing at the fact that I said *I* was a virgin, and *I* was bewildered that she knew, she was laughing because she *knew*, just as Katerina *knew*. Just as *I* now know. To me, to Katya, to Katerina, to us, everyone could be, ...*mmh, yes*, ...crimson lust!

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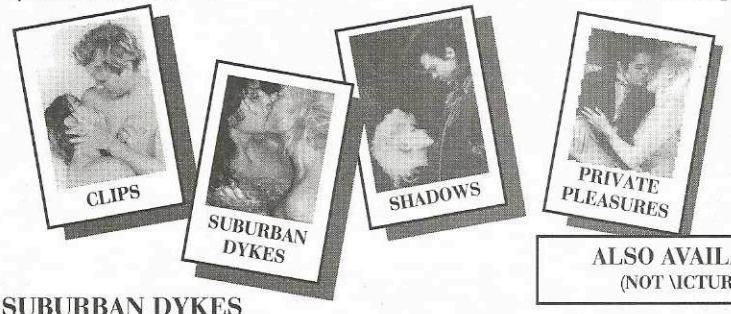

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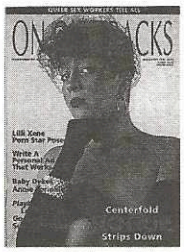

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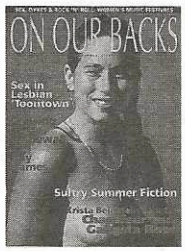

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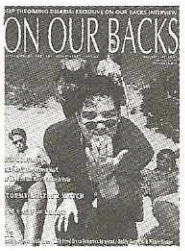

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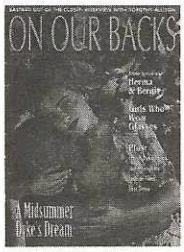

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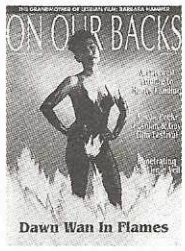

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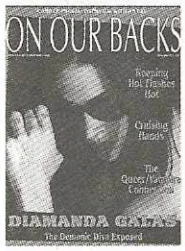

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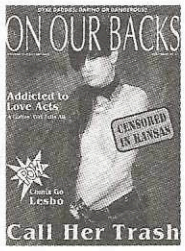

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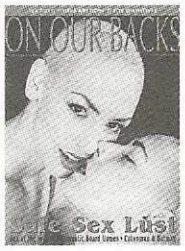

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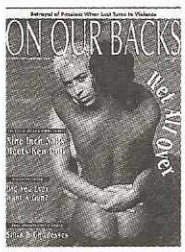

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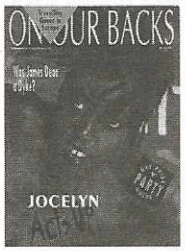

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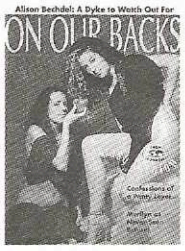

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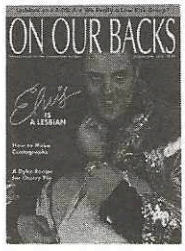

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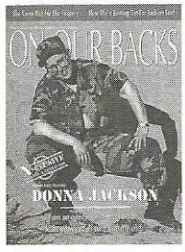

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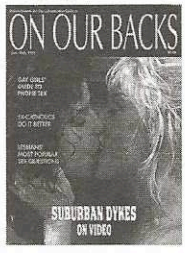

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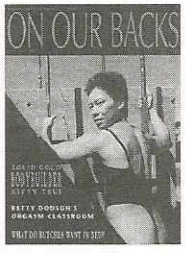

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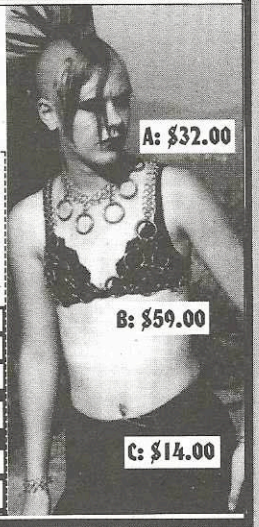

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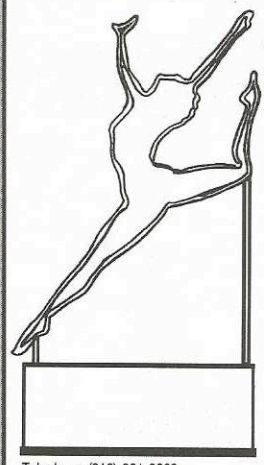

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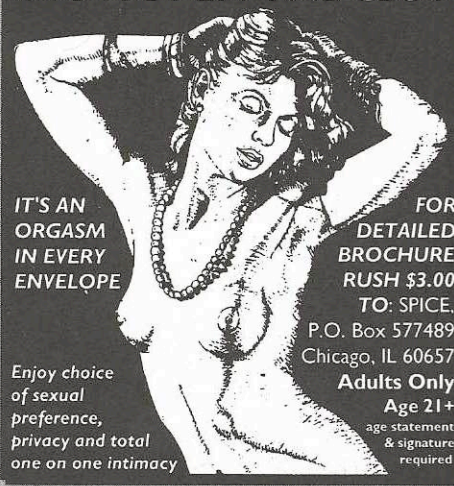

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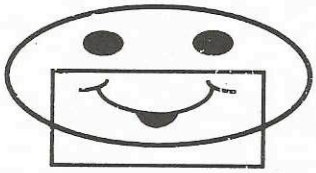

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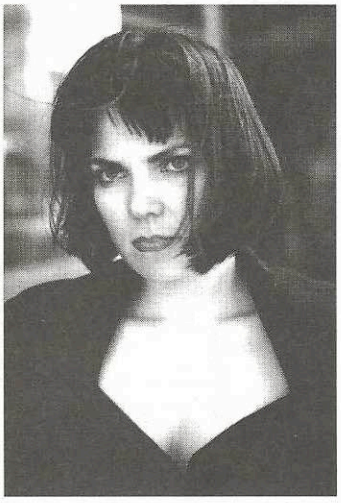


Sunny Bak

Wendy Jill York

Wendy Jill York started her career as a professional photostylist for mainstream advertisers. During this time she became frustrated by the lack of positive images for Lesbians and Gay men. She decided to utilize her abilities to set up shots for other photographers and pick up the camera herself. Now, two years later, she has published over sixty photographs in her own card line and in several Lesbian and Gay publications. York, opinionated and tireless in her efforts within the gay community, decided to start writing celebrity profiles and has been published in The Advocate, Lesbians on the Loose (out of Australia) and Deneuve Magazine. York's next project involves publishing 50/50 Magazine, a forum for cutting edge coverage of the gay and lesbian community and the people who are included in their extended families.

Kim Airs is the proud owner of Grand Opening! in Boston/Brookline and in Provincetown, MA. She apprenticed at Good Vibrations in San Francisco and would still be working at Harvard University if it wasn't for the generosity of Joani Blank and everyone at Good Vibrations.

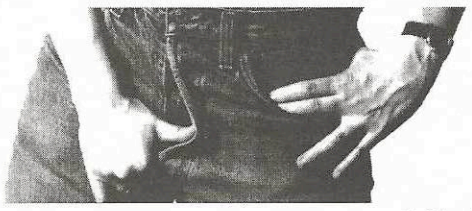
Loren Cameron moved to San Francisco in 1979 from rural Arkansas and participated in the lesbian community for nine years. He began the transition from female-to-male in 1987. His photography is the work of a passionate insider, displayed with generosity and compassion to the public at large.

Antonia Clay is a Black and Irish Catholic babe who spends her time being adventursome in the end of the 20th Century.

Katherine Gleason lives in New York and frequently writes about queer culture for the lesbian and gay press. For years she has supported herself with a variety of editorial jobs.

Judith Halberstam rides a BMW bike, writes film reviews and teaches Queer studies in San Diego.

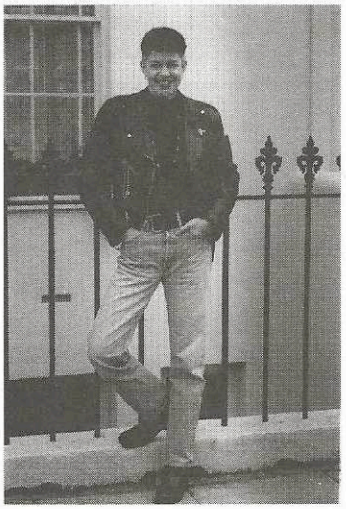
Staci Haines was raised in a small Colorado town in the Rocky Mountains. Her adventures since leaving there have taken her to the now dismantled Berlin Wall, the desert Southwest, on a walk across the U.S., and to a many times interrupted academic career at Oberlin College. She has lived in San Francisco for three years, and has worked at Good Vibrations since her arrival. She recently moved on to pursue her next career(s), spends a good amount of her time in the incest survivors communities, and does Diversity and anti-racism work.



Sara Jorde

J. Stark

J. Stark is an alias. (Jim Stark was the name of James Dean's character in Rebel Without a Cause).



Lola Flash

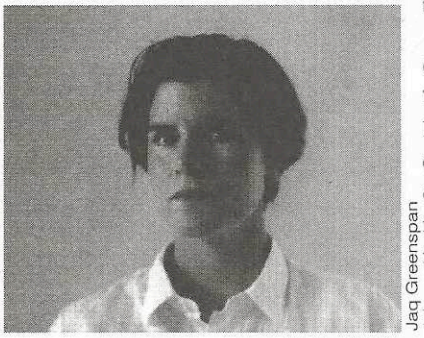
Cherry Smyth

Karlyn Lotney received her early training at the hands of gelled and moussed Midwestern shade queens and other Madonna wannabes. Currently, she studies in residence at San Francisco's famed Castro district, and pushes dildos to support her academic habit.

Cherry Smyth is Irish, living in London, working as a journalist and co-programmer of the London Lesbian & Gay Film Festival. Her book 'Queer Notions' was published in 1992 by Scarlet Press.

Susan Stryker lives and writes in Oakland, CA.

Tristan Taormino is a New York based writer whose work has appeared in Venus Infers, Blue Blood, and Girljock. She is co-editor of the forthcoming anthology Ritual Sex, and she is editrix of Pucker Up, the zine with a mouth.



Jaq Greenspan

Holly Willis

Holly Willis is the West Coast Editor of Filmmaker: The Magazine of Independent Film, and is currently completing a book of interviews with people involved in the adult film industry.

troi was was raised in Pasadena, California, but fled to San Francisco to live through the passions of her heart. Although a cynic, she exudes romantic qualities. Mornings are for running through the park listening to Everything But the Girl, evenings for laughing or crying at heart wrenching films. To relax, she reads a book but to nourish her spirit, she writes queer stories. *Crimson Lust* is her first erotic story, but she has found it serves only as an appetizer.

Marcia Munson is a sex educator who has led workshops at the Michigan Women's Music Festival, the Colorado Gathering, the West Coast Women's Music Festival, the Boulder Lesbian Connection, the Ft. Collins Monday Night Group, and the Whiptail Lizard Lounge. She has a B. S. in Biology and a Certificate as a Sexological Instructor/Advisor of AIDS/STD Prevention. She has been a lesbian community activist for over 20 years.

Marcia Munson

I would like to thank everyone who helped me put this, my very first issue, together. Thank you for the stories, the pictures, the probing questions. I'm basking in afterglow. —Ed.

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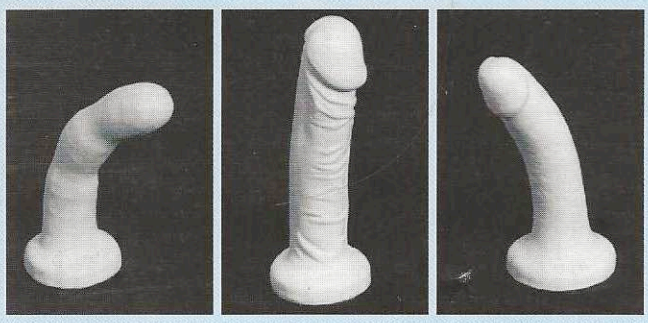

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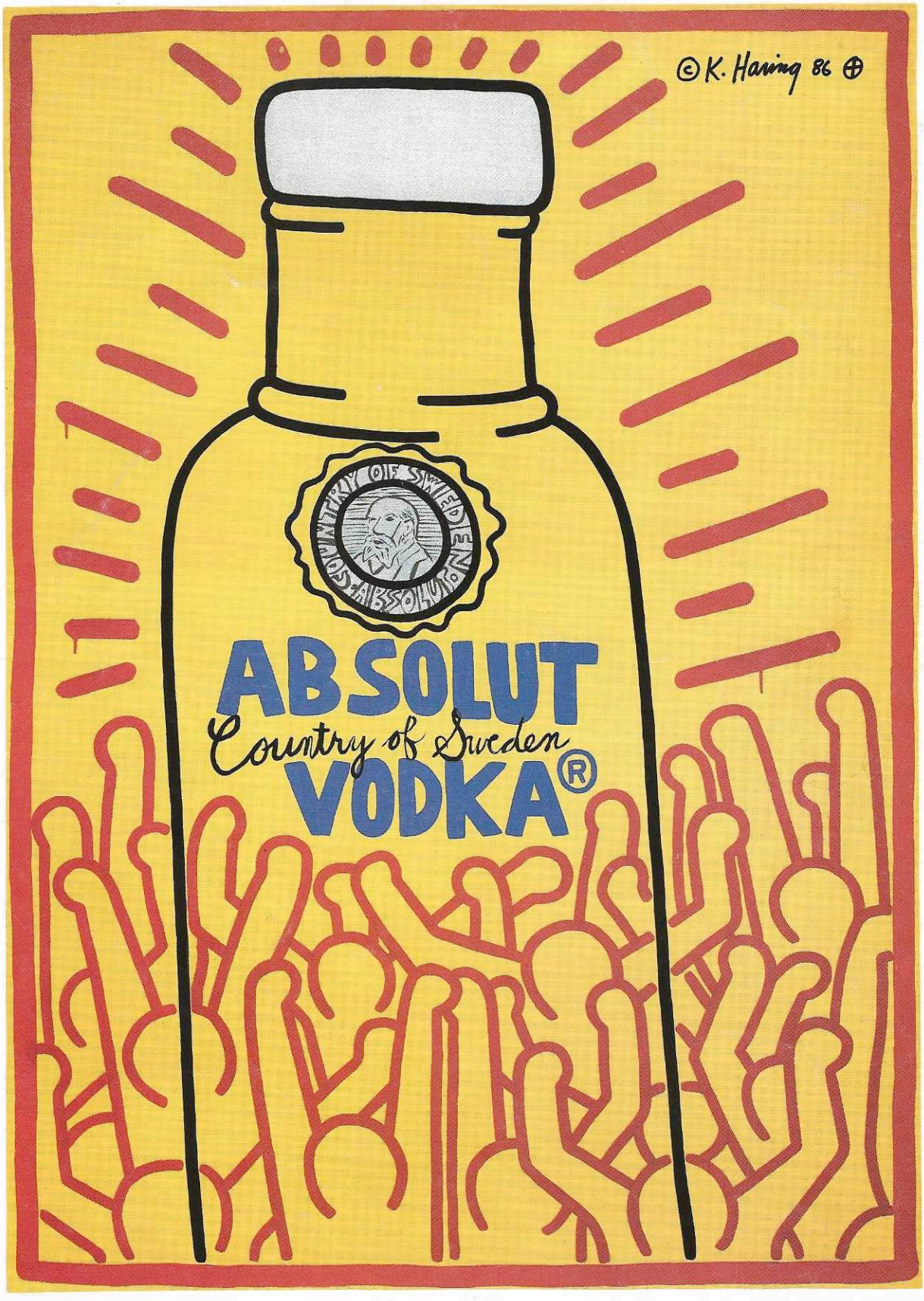

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